No. 164
Jan. '74
33230

MAD

IND

OUR PRICE
40¢
CHEAP

IN THIS ISSUE WE TEAR APART

"PAPER MOON"

Scenes We'd Like To See

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: DON EDWING

NUMBER 164 JANUARY 1974

MAD

"Before arguing with your Boss, it may be well to look at both sides: His side...and the Outside!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, ERIKA HOLTON,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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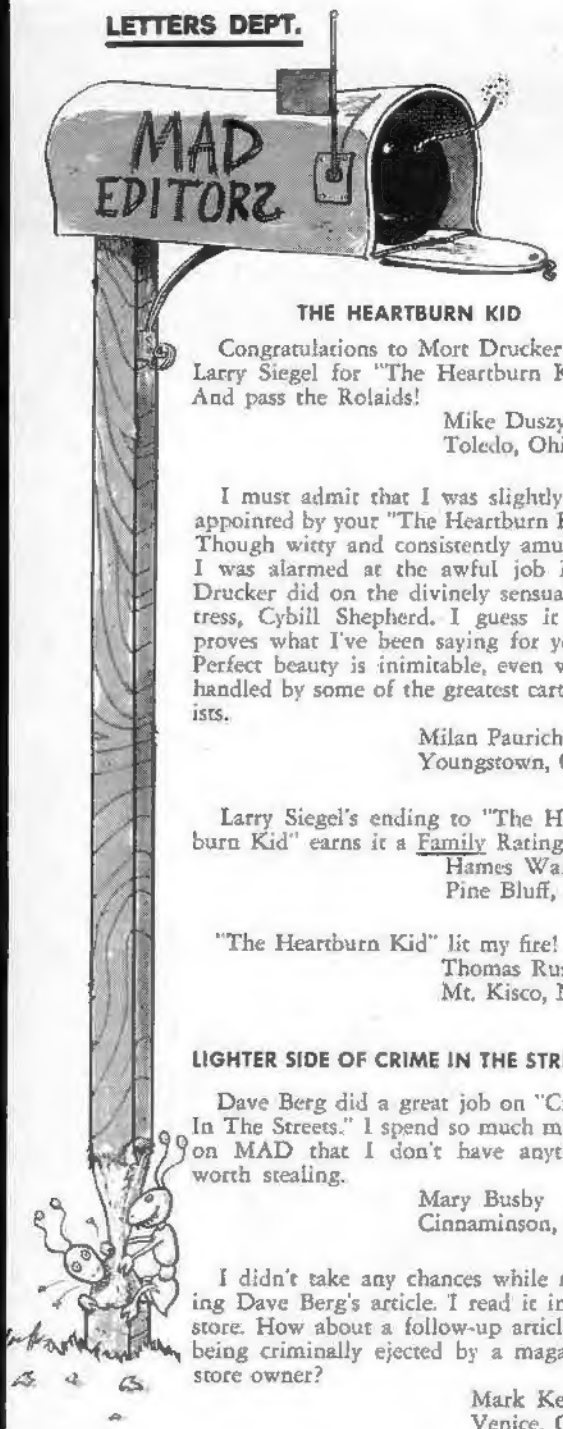

THE HEARTBURN KID

Congratulations to Mort Drucker and Larry Siegel for "The Heartburn Kid." And pass the Rolaids!

Mike Duszynski
Toledo, Ohio

I must admit that I was slightly disappointed by your "The Heartburn Kid." Though witty and consistently amusing, I was alarmed at the awful job Mort Drucker did on the divinely sensual actress, Cybill Shepherd. I guess it just proves what I've been saying for years: Perfect beauty is inimitable, even when handled by some of the greatest cartoonists.

Milan Paurich
Youngstown, Ohio

Larry Siegel's ending to "The Heartburn Kid" earns it a Family Rating!

Hames Ware
Pine Bluff, Ark.

"The Heartburn Kid" lit my fire!

Thomas Russo
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

LIGHTER SIDE OF CRIME IN THE STREETS

Dave Berg did a great job on "Crime In The Streets." I spend so much money on MAD that I don't have anything worth stealing.

Mary Busby
Cinnaminson, N.J.

I didn't take any chances while reading Dave Berg's article. I read it in the store. How about a follow-up article on being criminally ejected by a magazine store owner?

Mark Kersey
Venice, Calif.

I pay tribute to Dave Berg for this and all his past and future "Lighter Sides"!

Jane Yeomans
Ft. Myers, Fla.

The biggest crime of all is the fact that someone so clever and talented as Dave Berg writes for your crummy magazine.

Michael Ratner
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I was really looking forward to reading Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of Crime In The Streets." But, before I could get home with it, the magazine was stolen!

Mary Hale
Long Lake, Minn.

MINGO'S SAND CASTLE COVER

Norman Mingo's Alfred and his sand castle cover is as wistful as waning summer and will give me a warm feeling all winter. Lovely, Norman!

Carol Carter
Los Angeles, Calif.

The cover of your October issue was startlingly prophetic. Everyone on the beach looked at their watches, picked up their blankets, and moved back near the boardwalk. I sat there reading my MAD, and the next wave soaked my shoes, blanket, and watch. Everyone applauded as I came running in, holding my issue of MAD high and dry.

Dr. Norman Dean
Fallston, Md.

IN MEMORY OF FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

I am enclosing the back cover of your most recent edition, "If It Were Up To The Nixon Gang...." I am thoroughly disgusted and appalled at your lack of integrity and judgement in publishing such a page in a magazine for young people. I have three fine sons who love to read MAD, and so do I, because the satire is usually in good taste and not damaging to their minds. We love our country and respect the office of the President of the United States. Although we do not always agree with everything he might say or do, Mr. Nixon is our President. How can you see any fairness or teaching of young minds to respect their elected men in office, their country, and law and order when you publicly display such a cover? You might think it, but to publish it in a youth magazine seems poor taste, and a flagrant violation of regard for the training, parents who do care are trying to instill in their young. Humorous satire is good, it keeps each individual on their toes and lets us see ourselves as others see us, but disrespect is quite another thing. This page shows nothing but sad disrespect for our office of the President.

Mrs. William R. Hamilton
Greeneville, Tenn.

Your last two back cover mini-posters were really political beauties and..."If It Were Up To The Nixon Gang...":

Larry De Pietropaolo
Rogersford, Pa.

BAWDE

Maude'll getcha for that great satire!

Phil Korpi
Kelso, Wash.

Right on, Tom Koch and Angelo Torres!

Bob Schiller
Story Editor
"Maude"
Hollywood, Calif.

God will get you for that, Tom Koch and Angelo Torres!

John Holden
Chicago, Ill.

YOU KNOW IT'S REALLY SUMMER

"You Know It's Really Summer When ..." you start getting Winter issues of MAD!

Tom Hetherington
Phoenix, Ariz.

OLD STANDARDS REWRITTEN

By basing your article "Old Standards Rewritten For The Liberated Woman" on old, unfunny jokes and stereotypes of the Liberation Movement, you're showing how little you know about the Movement.

Hallie Cantor
Los Angeles, Calif.

Although I am a firm believer in feminist ideologies, I still found your misrepresentation of the feminist movement very amusing, even humorous.

Karen Kelly Tariel
Stockton, Calif.

SUMMER CAMP OWNER OF THE YEAR

"MAD's Summer Camp Owner Of The Year" by Larry Siegel and Paul Coker described the Camp at which I was counselor, a year ago. They must have been there, too, to depict it so perfectly. Our camp nurse gave out Milk of Magnesia, no matter what the complaint and there were rattlesnakes found on the lump known as the baseball field.

Carla Parness
Northridge, Calif.

As a real MADman for seven years, I've never gotten a chance to write. But Larry Siegel and Paul Coker really hit it on the head with their camp article. I had a similar experience with a nut just like Sidney Goldstar last summer and as a result went home after three days. We're still trying to get our $1200.00 back.

Jonathan Cohen
Newton, Mass.

Ever notice how many school principals own or operate summer camps? Maybe that's why the mashed potatoes taste like library paste.

Irma Zwan
Honolulu, Hawaii

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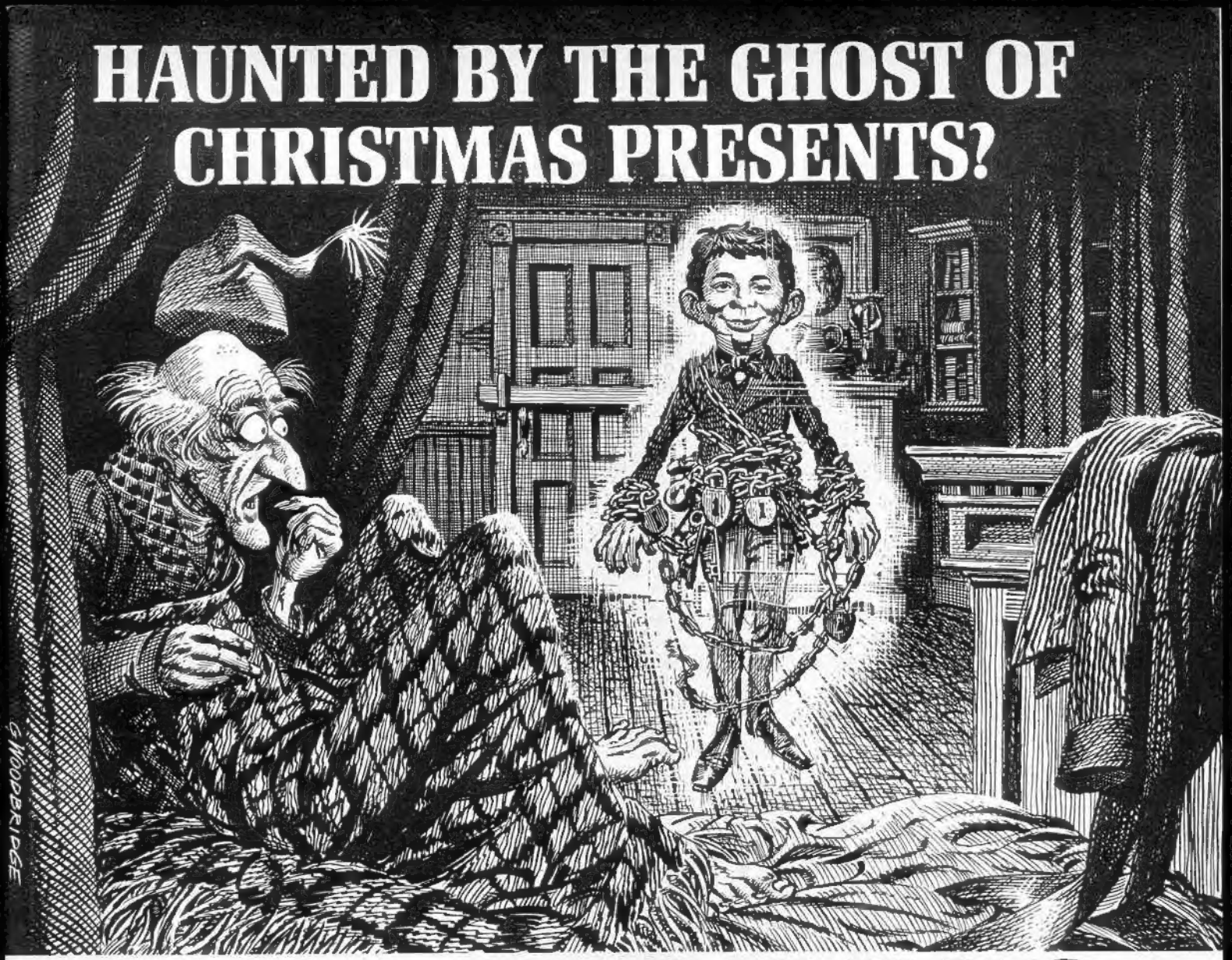

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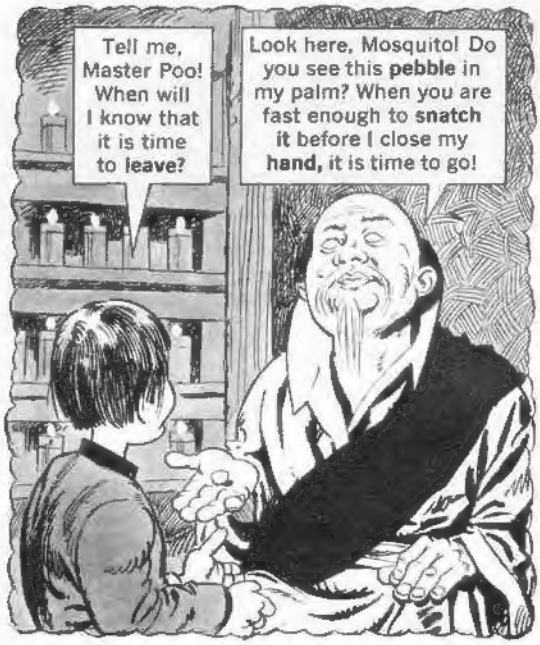
THERE'S A VERY STRANGE SHOW ON TELEVISION THIS SEASON, AND IT BEGINS LIKE THIS . . .



They're always **persecuting** some poor soul in this town! Like a **Black,** or an **Indian,** or a **Chinaman!** What are they beating up **this** guy for?

For **variety!**

He's another **foreigner!** He's from **Lapland!**

Funny! He don't **LOOK** Laplandish!

You'd think the **Sheriff** would **DO** something!

He **IS** doing something! That's him over there . . . throwing **rocks!**

Please, someone . . . get **HELP!**

There are **ten** of us beating you up **NOW!** You want us t'get **MORE?!?**

I only came into town looking for **food** and **water!**

Well . . . in **this** town, we **always** give you a lot **more** than you **ask** for!

I am **deeply shocked** at what I see taking place here!

My God! You **spoke!** You were standing there so **still** and **quiet,** I was just about to tie my **horse** up to you!

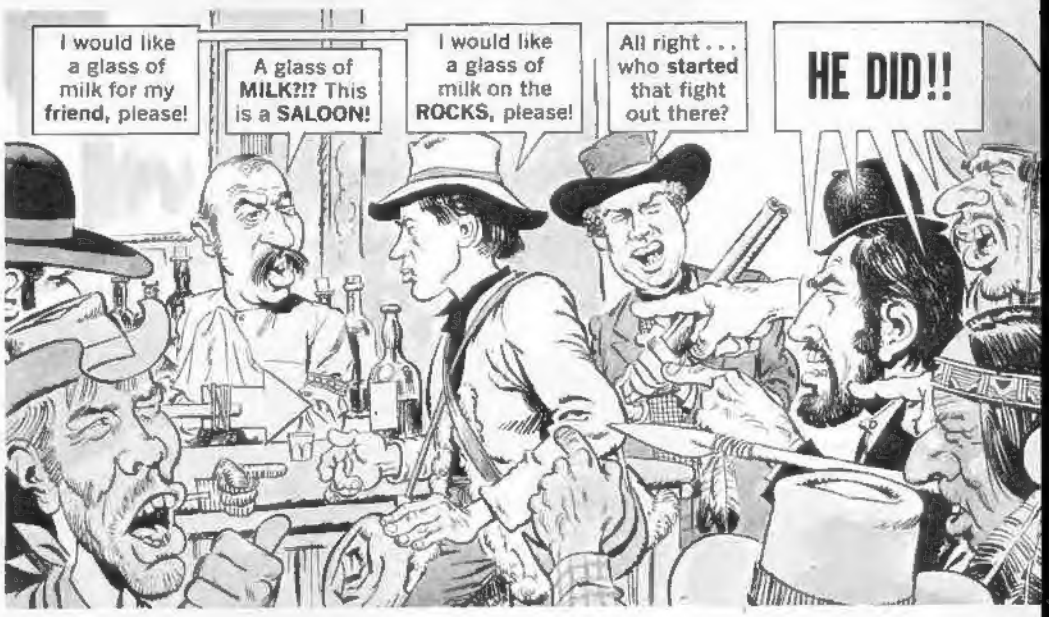
tone

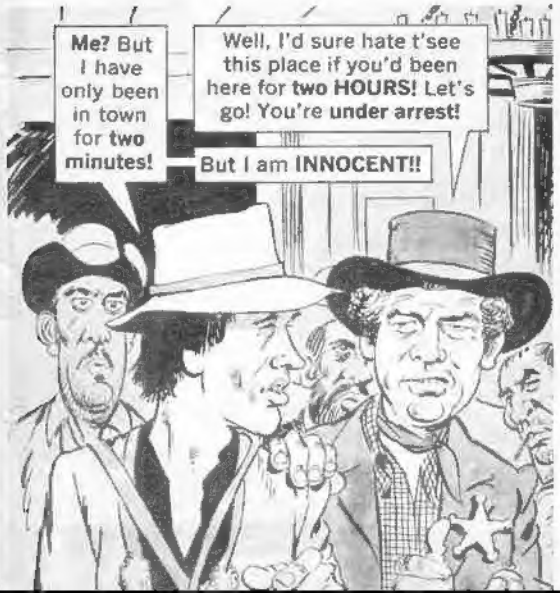
THE REASON THIS SHOW IS STRANGE IS BECAUSE THE LEADING CHARACTER DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING ANY LIVING THING. HE BELIEVES IN TRUST AND THE ULTIMATE GOOD OF MANKIND. HE OFTEN SPEAKS IN PARABLES FROM WHICH WE LEARN. AND HE PREACHES NON-VIOLENCE! IF THAT'S NOT A STRANGE CONCEPT FOR TELEVISION, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE OTHER SHOWS COMPETING WITH–

CHOP SHTICK DEPT.

KUNG FOOL

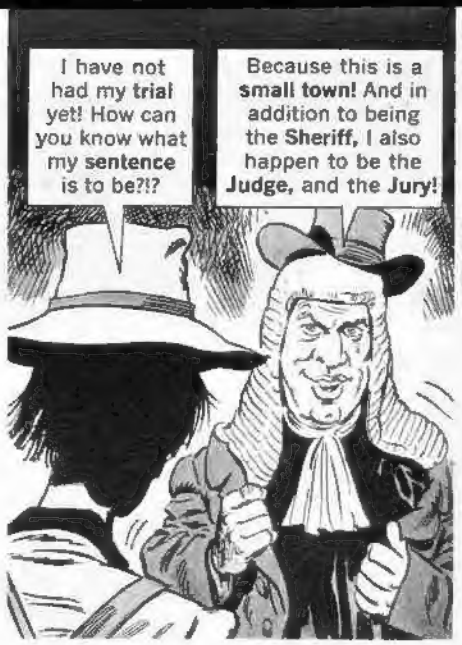
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

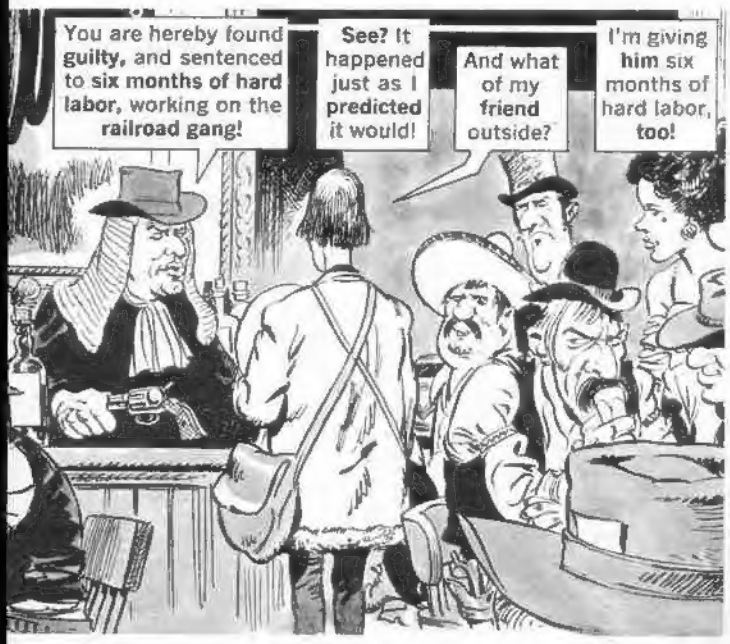




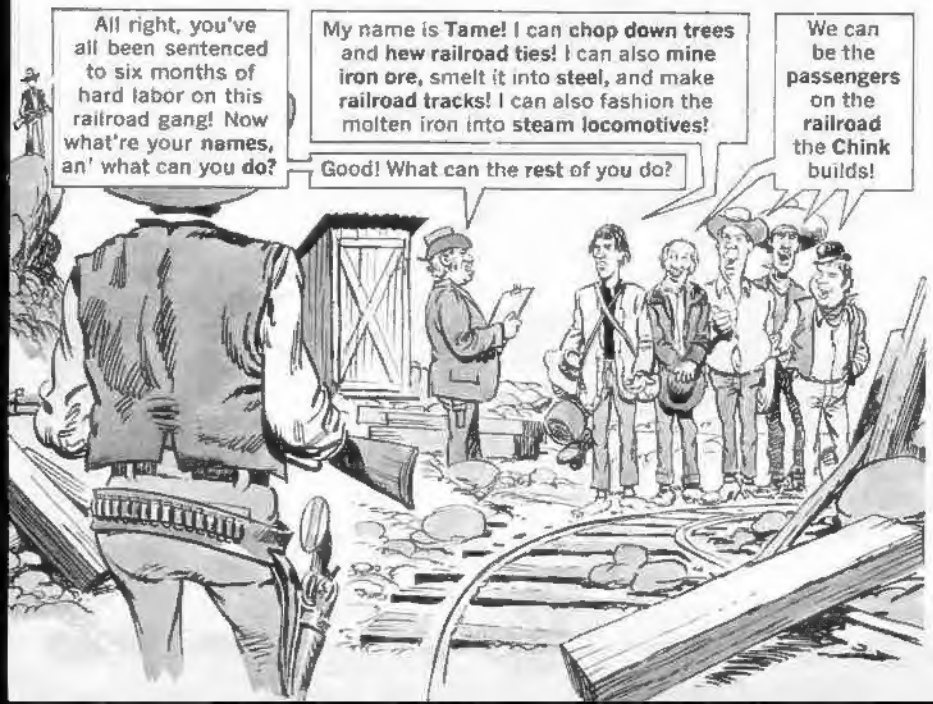
Does that parable mean that truth is its own just desserts?
Yes! And speaking of just desserts . . . where is that piece of pie you stole?

Are you coming, Mister?
Pie . . . ? Who said anything about pie?
But I did not steal a piece of pie!
Pay no heed! It would be too hard to explain! Uh . . . what is going to happen to me now?
You'll get a fair trial . . . and then you'll be sentenced to six months at hard labor, working on the railroad gang!


I have not had my trial yet! How can you know what my sentence is to be?!?
Because this is a small town! And in addition to being the Sheriff, I also happen to be the Judge, and the Jury!


You are hereby found guilty, and sentenced to six months of hard labor, working on the railroad gang!
See? It happened just as I predicted it would!
And what of my friend outside?
I'm giving him six months of hard labor, too!

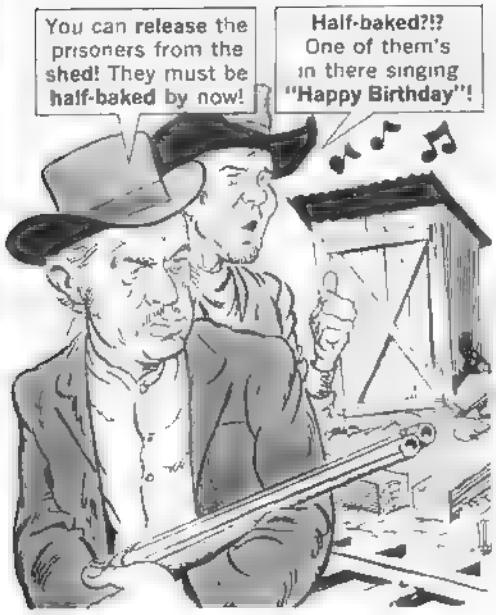
You . . . you said you'd get me some nourishment! Did . . . did you succeed?
Yes . . . I got you free food, and free drink . . . and even a place to stay!
How can I ever thank you?
I ask for no thanks! However, I feel the Sheriff will want a little something! Say . . . about six months of your time!

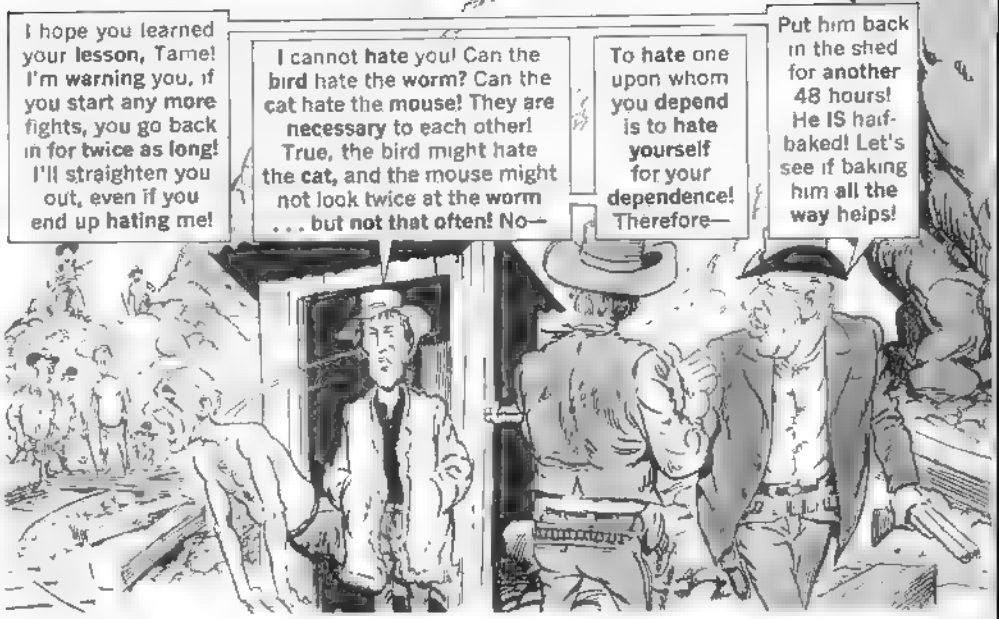

All right, you've all been sentenced to six months of hard labor on this railroad gang! Now what're your names, an' what can you do?
My name is Tame! I can chop down trees and hew railroad ties! I can also mine iron ore, smelt it into steel, and make railroad tracks! I can also fashion the molten iron into steam locomotives!
Good! What can the rest of you do?
We can be the passengers on the railroad the Chink builds!

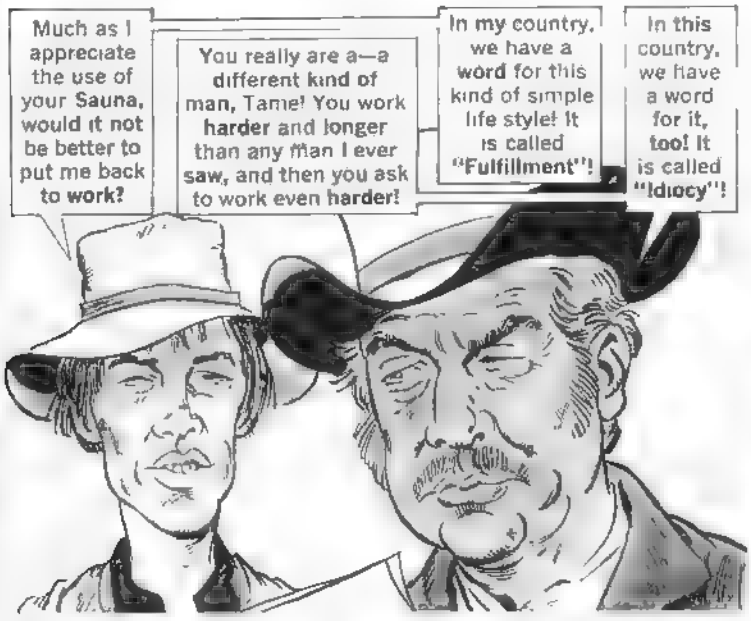
I have only told, in all honesty, what I am able to do! And yet, you have insulted me by calling me a disrespectful name!
He's right! From now on, you boys will call this guy MR. Chink!!
L.I.R.R.

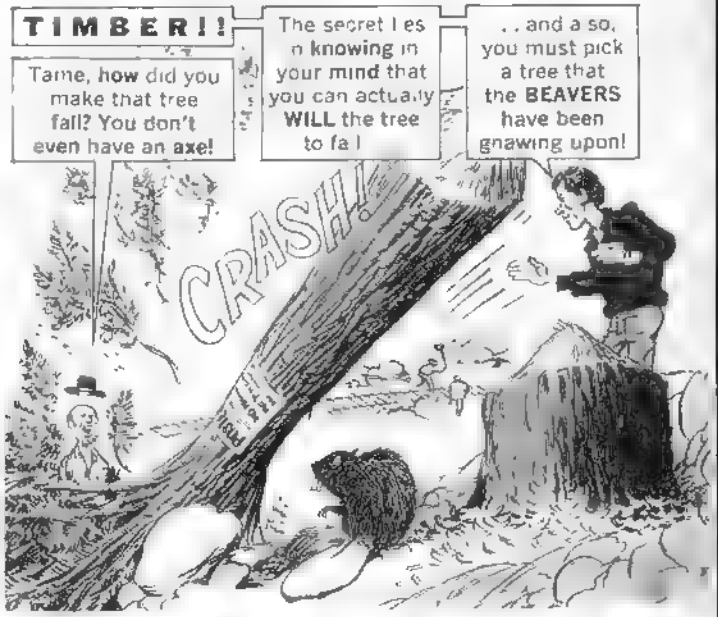
Okay! Before you begin to work, we give you a healthy breakfast . . .
Y-you call this a "healthy breakfast"?! A cup of hot water, a piece of stale bread, and a strip of bacon covered with—*ulp*—maggots!?
Yum-yum! I never expected anything like THIS! I had heard that railroad food was TERRIBLE!
Tame, you're not like any man I've ever met! You never complain about anything, and you stay off by yourself all the time! Don't you ever get lonely?
Is a tree lonely? Does a flower crave companionship? Does a butterfly need a night out, bowling with the boys? No!
And mainly, I am never in one town long enough to MAKE OUT with anybody!
Okay! Breakfast is over! Now . . . here's your schedule! You'll work six straight hours until your 10-minute Lunch break! Then, you'll work nine straight hours until your 10-minute Dinner break! Then, you'll work five more hours, get a full four hours sleep, and start all over!
Hey! We won't stand for that!
It's—it's inhuman!
Cruel!!
Why aren't you complaining?!?
A little vacation never hurt anyone!
I see that you men are all set to go to work, so I will move out of your way . . .
That'd spoil everything! You're the one we want to go to work on! We'll teach you to do more work than the rest of us put together, and make us look bad . . .
Master . . . how can one defend one's self when there are a GROUP of adversaries?
Here, Mosquito! Take this stick . . . and the rest of you each take a stick! Now . . . all of you, attack me!
SOCK
CRACK
CRUNCH
WHACK!
That is how!
But, Master! We have beaten you!
That is correct! Not only did you assault me, but you assaulted me with weapons! And even though you far outnumbered me, you did not care! But . . . notice now how your consciences are beginning to bother you! Boy, I'd hate to be in YOUR sandals now!
You are right, Master! I will never forget this terrible, awful feeling!

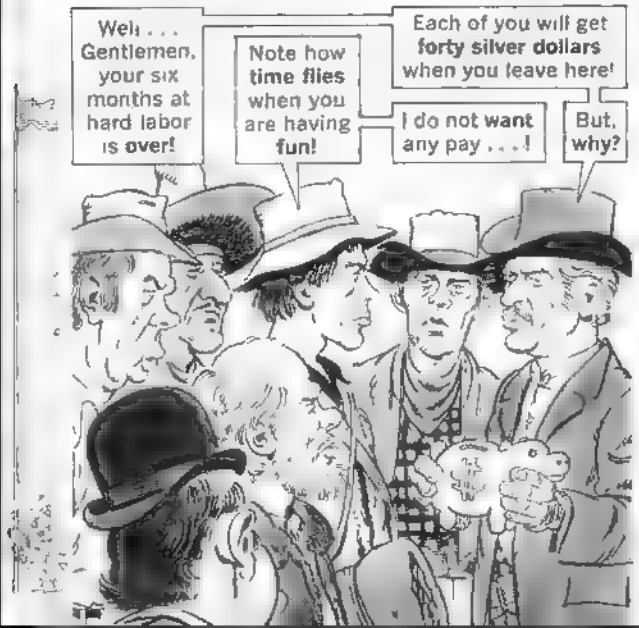
Go ahead . . . attack me!!
CRACK
SOCK
WHACK
CRUNCH
Not only did you assault me, but you assaulted me with weapons! And even though you far outnumbered me, you did not care! How do you feel about that now?
I feel GREAT!
Yeah, great!
Me, too!
Somehow, I think that parable lost something in the translation!
Okay . . . who started this fight?
HE DID!!
Tame, you're a good worker, but you sure love to start fights! And for that, you gotta be punished! Put him in the "shed" for 48 hours!
I don't know what YOU did, but I don't deserve this unbearable torture! This shed is made of metal, and with the sun beating down on it, it's over 150 degrees in here!
I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! SOMEBODY OUT THERE, HELP US!!
Hey, don't you feel anything at all?
Well, I did feel a slight draft on my back, but I overcame it with my mind! Here, my friend! Would you like to wear my jacket?
H-how do you do it?!?
Flick out the candles with your fingers, Mosquito! But do it very quickly! In that way, you will not be burned! Just make sure to extinguish them all!
But—I do not understand why!
Do it and you will SEE why!
There! The candles are all out . . .
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR MOSQUITO!
HAPPY . . . BIRTHDAY . . . TO . . . YOU!

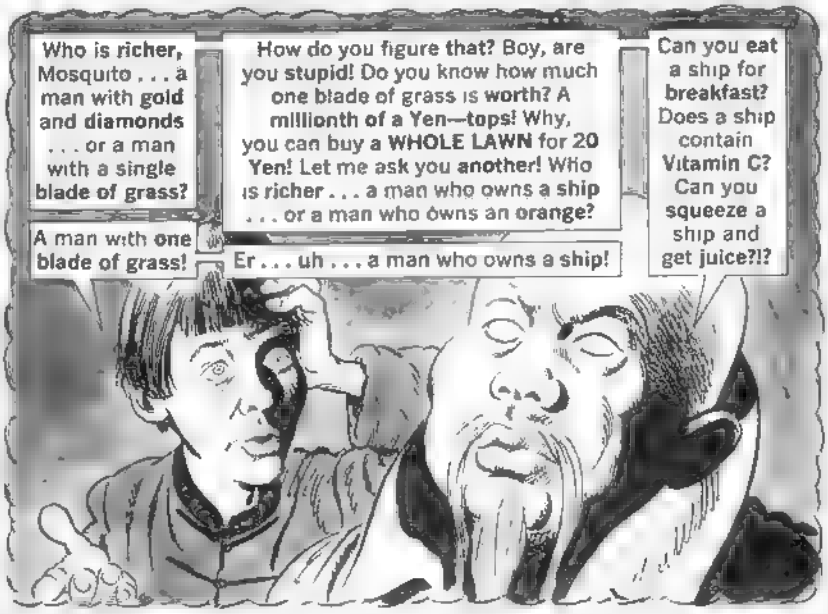

You can release the prisoners from the shed! They must be half-baked by now!
Half-baked?!? One of them's in there singing "Happy Birthday"!


I hope you learned your lesson, Tame! I'm warning you, if you start any more fights, you go back in for twice as long! I'll straighten you out, even if you end up hating me!
I cannot hate you! Can the bird hate the worm? Can the cat hate the mouse! They are necessary to each other! True, the bird might hate the cat, and the mouse might not look twice at the worm . . . but not that often! No—
To hate one upon whom you depend is to hate yourself for your dependence! Therefore—
Put him back in the shed for another 48 hours! He IS half-baked! Let's see if baking him all the way helps!


Much as I appreciate the use of your Sauna, would it not be better to put me back to work?
You really are a—a different kind of man, Tame! You work harder and longer than any man I ever saw, and then you ask to work even harder!
In my country, we have a word for this kind of simple life style! It is called "Fulfillment"!
In this country, we have a word for it, too! It is called "Idiocy"!


TIMBER!!
Tame, how did you make that tree fall? You don't even have an axe!
The secret lies in knowing in your mind that you can actually WILL the tree to fall
. . and so, you must pick a tree that the BEAVERS have been gnawing upon!
CRASH!


Well . . . Gentlemen, your six months at hard labor is over!
Note how time flies when you are having fun!
Each of you will get forty silver dollars when you leave here!
I do not want any pay . . . !
But, why?


Who is richer, Mosquito . . . a man with gold and diamonds . . . or a man with a single blade of grass?
How do you figure that? Boy, are you stupid! Do you know how much one blade of grass is worth? A millionth of a Yen—tops! Why, you can buy a WHOLE LAWN for 20 Yen! Let me ask you another! Who is richer . . . a man who owns a ship . . . or a man who owns an orange?
A man with one blade of grass!
Er . . . uh . . . a man who owns a ship!
Can you eat a ship for breakfast? Does a ship contain Vitamin C? Can you squeeze a ship and get juice?!?

Master, I am afraid I have gotten a little lost in today's lesson!

YOU'RE lost?! I haven't the vaguest idea of what I'm talking about! I was actually trying to teach you that a fool and his money are soon parted!

Could you not have said that straight out in the beginning?

Oh . . . ? Trying to spoil an old man's FUN?!?

MADE IN JAPAN

Oh, no, Master! I would never want to spoil your fun! I feel ashamed!

To be ashamed with a reason is fruitful! To be ashamed from ignorance is fruitless!

I . . . I did not know that!

Then you should be ashamed, Mosquito!

Master, why do you call me "Mosquito"?

Because like a Mosquito, you are small and industrious, with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge!

But mainly, when you are near me, you make me ITCH!

And what will you do NOW, my friend?

Well, I just learned that a very rich Uncle of mine died and left me a fortune! So I guess I gotta buy me a big ranch, find myself a beautiful woman, and live like a king for the rest of my life! How about you, Tame? What'll you do?

I will go into the woods, eat some roots and berries, sleep on a rock, and talk to a snake!

Oh, wow! You really know how to LIVE!!

Oh-oh! Look at that! The whole town's out there! They've come to persecute me again!

Do not worry! I will help you!

Please, Tame! I don't want your help! I don't need another six months at hard labor!

How can you seek to injure one of God's creatures!? Have you no love for your fellow man?!

Love?!? That man with you is responsible for foreclosing on the mortgage of the County Orphanage!!

Yeah! And he's the one who's been stealing the money from the Collection Box in the Church!

Yeah! And he's our Daddy, and he hasn't bought us any clothes for years!

Yeah! And he's the one who set fire to the Town Hospital!

And poisoned the Town Well!

And blew up the Court House!

It has been written . . . "Love thy fellow man, and you will know of his true goodness!"

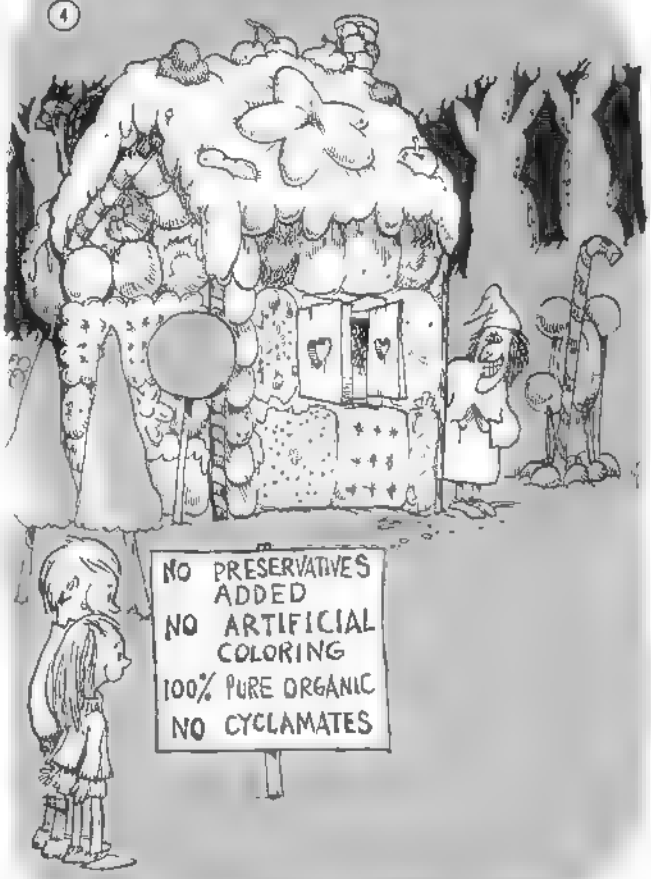
Unfortunately, it was written about "fellow men" in CHINA, centuries ago! Somehow, it loses something when applied to AMERICANS!!

WHACK

HOUSE DRESSING DEPT.

A MODERN FAIRY TALE

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



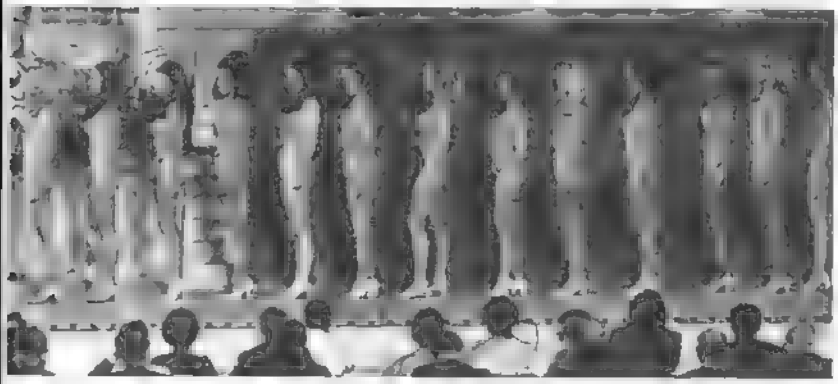
VOCATIONAL STRAINING DEPT.

NEW NA
OLD OCC

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL

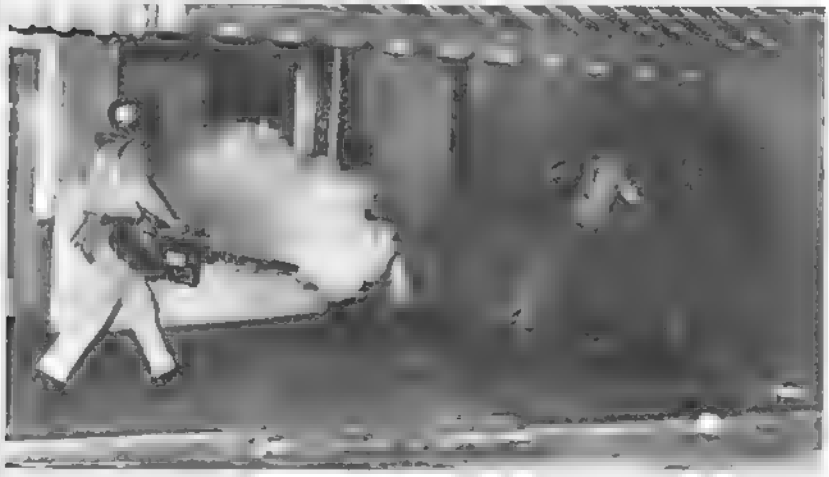
EXTERMINATORS

YOUTH GUIDANCE COUNSELORS



MEAT INSPECTORS

PICKPOCKETS



STREET CLEANERS

MES FOR
UPATIONS

GARBAGE MEN

ANESTHETISTS

TRASH COLLECTORS

SOCIAL WORKERS

GRAVE DIGGERS

LAND OF THE FREEBIE DEPT.

Remember that drawer you've got jammed full of trading stamps, and cards that may entitle you to a free car wash if you live long enough, and certificates good for 25¢ off on a pizza, and tokens for playing a gas station prize game that ended in 1969? Well, you're still hanging onto all that junk because some smart cookie planned it that way: to swamp you with advertising that looked too valuable to throw out. Among people who make a business of selling us what we don't really want, those coupons and tokens and stamps are known as "Sales Promotion Gimmicks." And like anything else that promises to give us something for almost nothing, they work. In fact, the whole "giveaway" idea works so well that MAD thinks it's bound to spread to some professions that don't currently do much advertising at all. And we herewith envision the trash that will soon be cluttering up our drawers

WHEN ALL ON SALES

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10

SAVE THIS CARD FOR

ONE FREE FLU SHOT

WHEN TEN OFFICE VISITS ARE PAID FOR AT $12 EACH

The Doctor will gladly punch your ticket during each examination.

Ask the Receptionist how you can qualify for extra points by having your tonsils and appendix removed.

HASTIE D. CUTTER, M.D.

COMPLICATED TRANSPLANT SURGERY
FAST X-RAY DEVELOPING
FREE PARKING

Make ten appointments soon to win your FREE SHOT before the next big Flu Epidemic strikes!

WIN A FREE GOLD INLAY!

COLLECT PAST PRESIDENTS OF THE UTAH DENTAL ASSOCIATION COINS

CONTEST RULES

1. Each time you go to your Dentist's office to be worked over, ask for a free Mystery Envelope containing a Utah Dental Association Past President coin.
2. When you have completed your coin set of all 57 Past Presidents, merely present the collection to any participating Dentist and say, "Whoopie! I'm a winner! Slap in my free gold inlay."
3. If your mouth is too numbed by novocaine at the time to say anything, just scribble the above message on a sheet of plain white paper not less than 3 by 5 inches in size
4. This contest is open only to Utah patients who still have at least one of their own teeth, as the placing of gold inlays in false dentures constitutes a violation of dental ethics in all cities except Provo.

25¢ 25¢

25c OFF

On Your Next $5.00 Donation To Any Church Of The Loving Brotherhood

Instructions to the devout: This coupon, presented with $4.75 in cash, entitles the bearer to a $5.00 receipt for tax deduction purposes at all affiliates of the Church of the Loving Brotherhood. This offer is open to valid Christians only, and proof of Baptism may be required. Only one coupon per true believer can be redeemed at each service. Not good on purchase of church bake sale items, lottery tickets or Bingo cards.

25¢ 25¢

BUSINESSES RELY PROMOTION GIMMICKS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: TOM KOCH

START NOW TO PLAY FAMOUS MORTICIANS STAMP GAME

And Win FREE ORGAN MUSIC For Your Next Funeral!

KRETCHMER GLOOM

Developer of Limp, Moist Morticians' Handshake

A.B. "GRISLY" CHANDLER

Founder of Rent-A-Pall Bearer Service

HELMUT KLANK

Gigged While Performing Memorial Services for Hitler

ORDWAY GRIMM

Planted 714 Stiffs in One Season, 1927

IGOR "CLAMMY" DOOLITTLE

First Undertaker To Scatter Ashes From A DC-10

COL. HARLAN CINDERS

Noted Franchiser Of "Kentucky Fried Crematoriums"

Famous Morticians stamps are available at all participating Funeral Homes in the U.S. and Canada. Just drop in, pay your last respects to any client currently laid out, and then ask for another free stamp to paste in your album. Absolutely no purchase required. This offer open only to living persons who expect to become deceased before December 31, 1974

FOUR MONEY SAVING COUPONS

From The SHYLOCK STATE BANK of BOX SPRINGS

TO HELP YOU CELEBRATE OUR 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON

Worth Up To $2.12½

GOOD FOR INTEREST RATE REDUCTION OF **1/8 of 1%** ON YOUR NEXT HOME MORTGAGE PAYMENT

Reduction is for one month only and is not applicable to mortgages where the normal rate of interest is less than 9¾%.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON

SHYLOCK STATE BANK
SAVINGS ACCOUNT PASSBOOK

Previous Balance	$1,500,000.00
Quarterly Interest @ 3%	45,000.00
137th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION SPECIAL BONUS INTEREST	2.00
New Balance	$1,545,002.00

Worth Up To $2.00

GOOD FOR SPECIAL BONUS INTEREST OF **$2.00*** ON YOUR PASSBOOK SAVINGS ACCOUNT

*The special $2.00 bonus applies only to account balances with a minimum of $1,000,000 or more. Smaller balances qualify for proportionately less, but in no case shall your FREE BONUS be less than 2¢ for each $10,000 in your account.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON

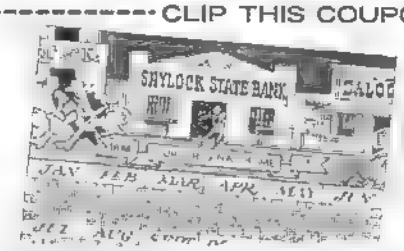
Worth Up To $21,615

GOOD FOR A "FRIEND-IN-NEED" DELAY OF **24 Hours** ON YOUR AUTO LOAN REPOSSESSION DEADLINE

This coupon could enable you to preserve an investment of $21,615 for a whole extra day on a $22,000 Rolls-Royce with only one payment still due. Less savings on cheaper cars, ranging down to the $15 you would owe us for hauling away a 1949 Hudson.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

CLIP THIS COUPON



Worth Up To $34.50

GOOD FOR ONE STRIKINGLY HANDSOME **1973 Calendar** PRESENTED TO YOU ALMOST FREE

With this coupon, you pay only our printing cost of 50¢ to obtain this wall calendar covering all of 1973. Considering that a calendar watch (covering only one month at a time) might cost you up to $35 more than standard models, you save $34.50 by buying your calendar separately.

SHYLOCK STATE BANK ** 137TH ANNIVERSARY

THE UNIVERSITY OF PEORIA INVITES YOU TO WIN AN INSTANT Ph.D. DEGREE BY PLAYING

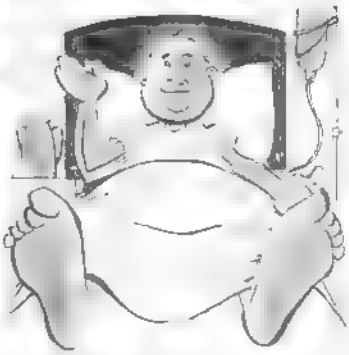
UNDER-GRAD BINGO

UNDER-GRAD BINGO RULES

1. The contest is open to all working adults who quit their jobs to become tuition paying students at the University of Peoria, enrolling in the four math courses needed to understand this Bingo card.
2. As soon as your educational background permits, add up all the vertical and horizontal rows on your **FREE** Under-Grad Bingo Card.
3. Find the cube root of the sum of all rows and multiply by the logarithm of your birth year.
4. If the answer comes out precisely 8.2733, you're a winner!
5. To collect your Instant Ph.D., just submit your winning Under-Grad Bingo Card, together with a dissertation of 200 pages or more on "The Mathematical Improbability of the Logarithm of Any Theoretical Number Multiplied by the Cube Root of the Sum of Ten Randomly Selected Digits Equaling Precisely 8.2733."
6. Once your dissertation is deemed acceptably brilliant by the U. of P. Faculty Board, **YOU GET YOUR PH.D.**

PLAY AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE!
ASK FOR A NEW FREE UNDER-GRAD BINGO CARD EACH SEMESTER YOU ENROLL

1492	$\sqrt{-10}$	$13/16$	π	1^{10}
36^2	6.7	$\frac{X+Z}{Y}$	4	± 0
XXVI	.327	$39\frac{5}{8}$	$\frac{E}{MC^2}$	5,280
98.6	~~XIII~~ II	$20/20$	.00003	9:45
$45/64$	$2X \leftarrow 8Y$	£5	$8\frac{1}{2}$	$\varnothing$



YOU MAY ALREADY HAVE WON

FREE HOSPITALIZATION FOR LIFE

IN THE MERCY MEDICAL CENTER'S GIANT $1,277,500.00 SWEEPSTAKES DRAWING

A chance to loll in a hospital bed and be pampered for the rest of your life! Think what that could mean to you in dollars and cents. Even if you only live for another 50 years, spending that time in one of our $70 a-day rooms would cost $1,277,500, not even counting Leap Years! But that fortune in hospital expense may be yours ABSOLUTELY FREE if your lucky number above is the one already drawn in the Mercy Medical Center Giant Sweepstakes. To qualify for your prize, just fill out the attached coupon and mail it in right now!

Count me in! I want to be eligible for the $1,277,500 worth of hospitalization at Mercy Medical Center that I may already have won. I agree to abide by any and all contest rules, even though I don't know what they are.

LEGAL SIGNATURE_____

CITY_____ STREET _____ STATE ___

(TO QUALIFY UNDER RULE 14, CHECK THE BOX OF YOUR CHOICE BELOW)

☐ I agree to have my gall bladder removed immediately.

☐ I agree to have my gall bladder removed next month

WE'RE NEW IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE FREE "GET ACQUAINTED" OFFERS DURING OUR GRAND OPENING DAYS

PEEVELY BROTHERS
TOMBSTONE & MONUMENT CO

OFFICE & SHOWROOM
1517 Last Mile Drive

CHISLING DEPT.
1549 Last Mile Drive

(Conveniently Located Across From Forest Gloom Cemetery)

FREE

This Coupon Good For
Small Pauper-Size
GRANITE GRAVE MARKER

(When you purchase any two large or medium deluxe granite headstones at our regular price.)

FREE

This Coupon Good For
Tombstone or Monument
NAME INSCRIPTION CARVING

(This offer is good only on names without a B, Q, S or W as our free work is all done by apprentice chisel-slingers who haven't learned to carve the hard letters yet.)

FREE

This Coupon Good For
One Solid Concrete
MAUSOLEUM FOUNDATION

(When purchasing a complete marble and alabaster mausoleum with cast bronze door knocker.)

FREE

This Coupon Good For
Personalized, Shop-To-Plot
MARKER DELIVERY AND PLACEMENT

(Offer applies only to our styrofoam models which can be transported to cemetery by a delivery boy on a bicycle.)

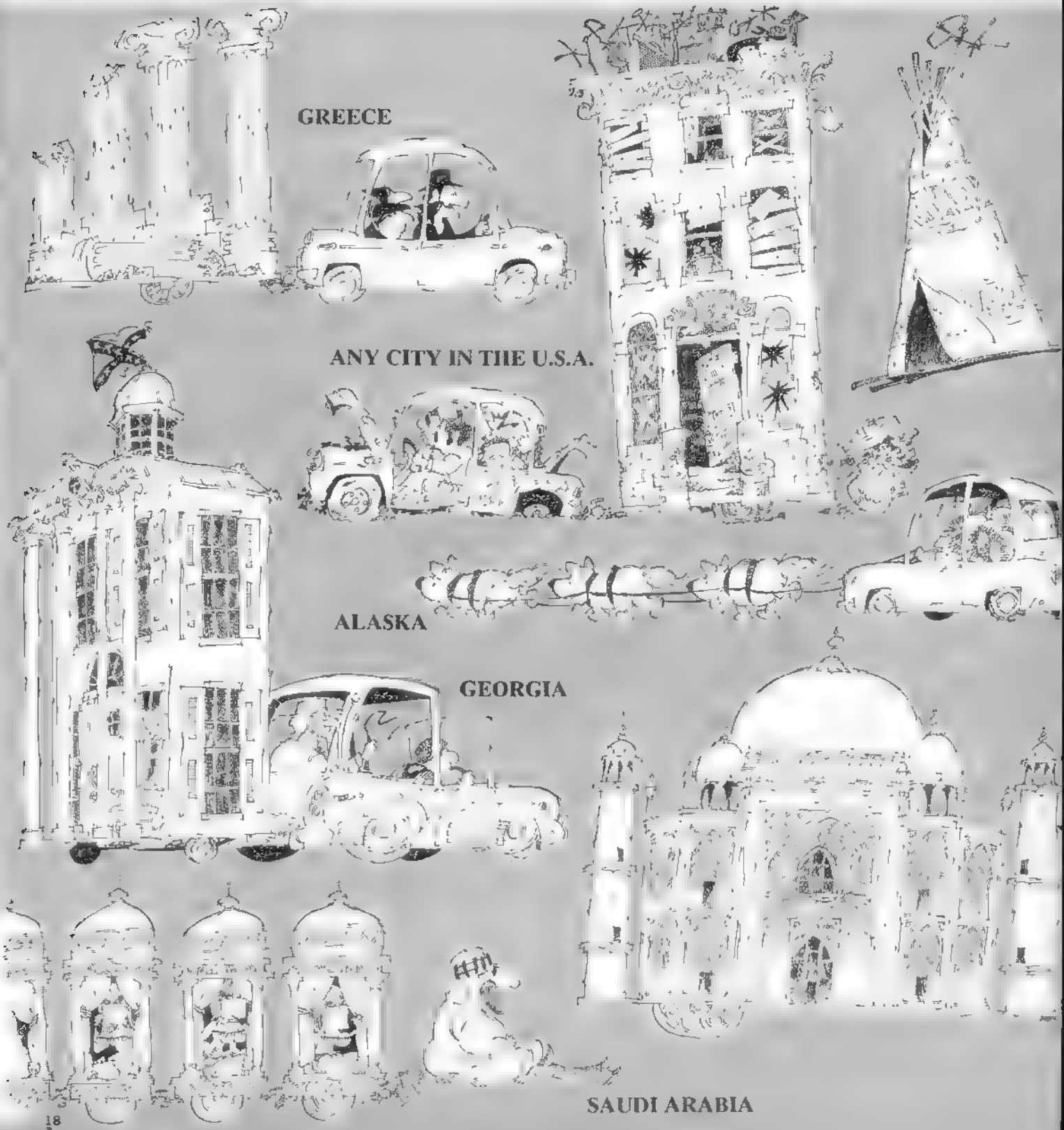
ROAM, SWEET HOME DEPT.

The Mobile Home craze is sweeping the world. But the trouble is, Mobile Homes

CUSTOMIZED M

...THAT REFLECT WHERE

ARTIST & WRITER:

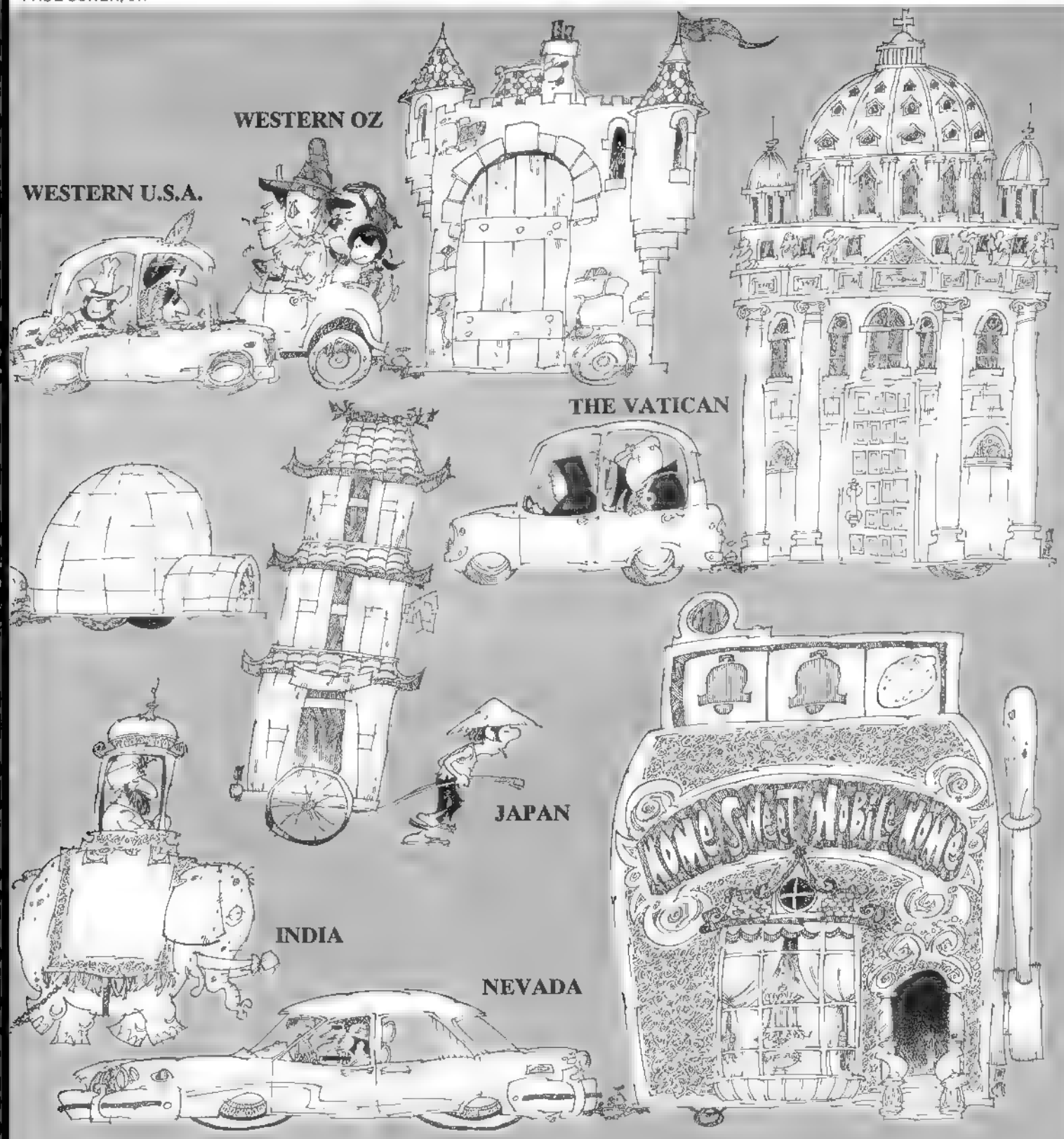


all look pretty much alike. They lack ethnic character. So why not design...

MOBILE HOMES

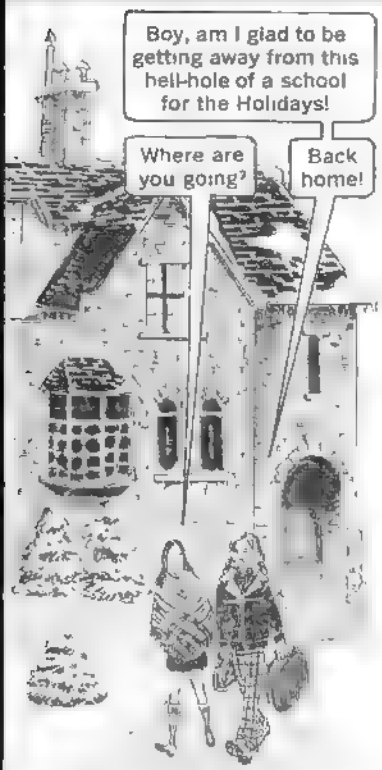
THEIR OWNERS ARE FROM

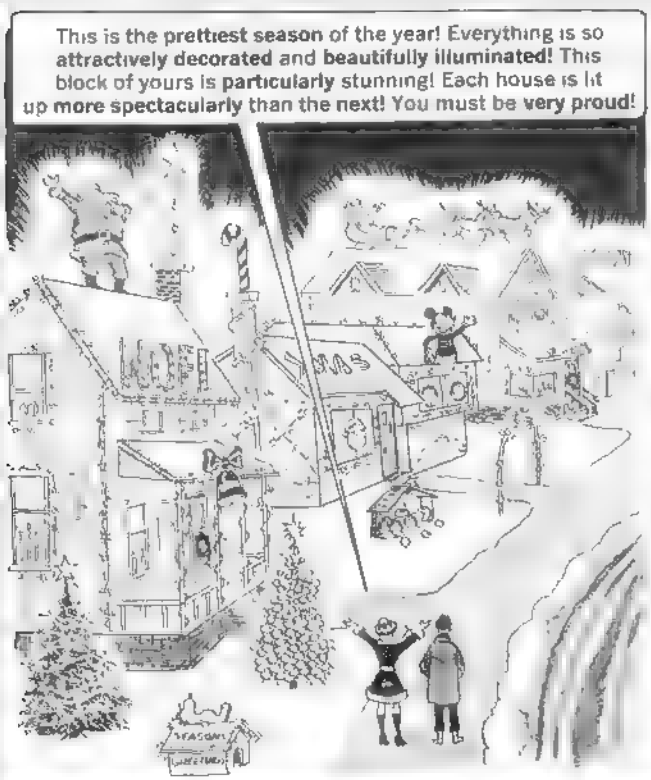
PAUL COKER, JR

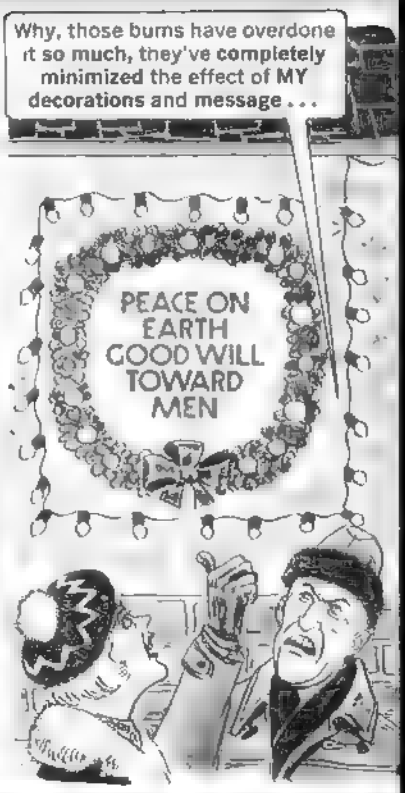


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... THE HOLI







DAY SEASON

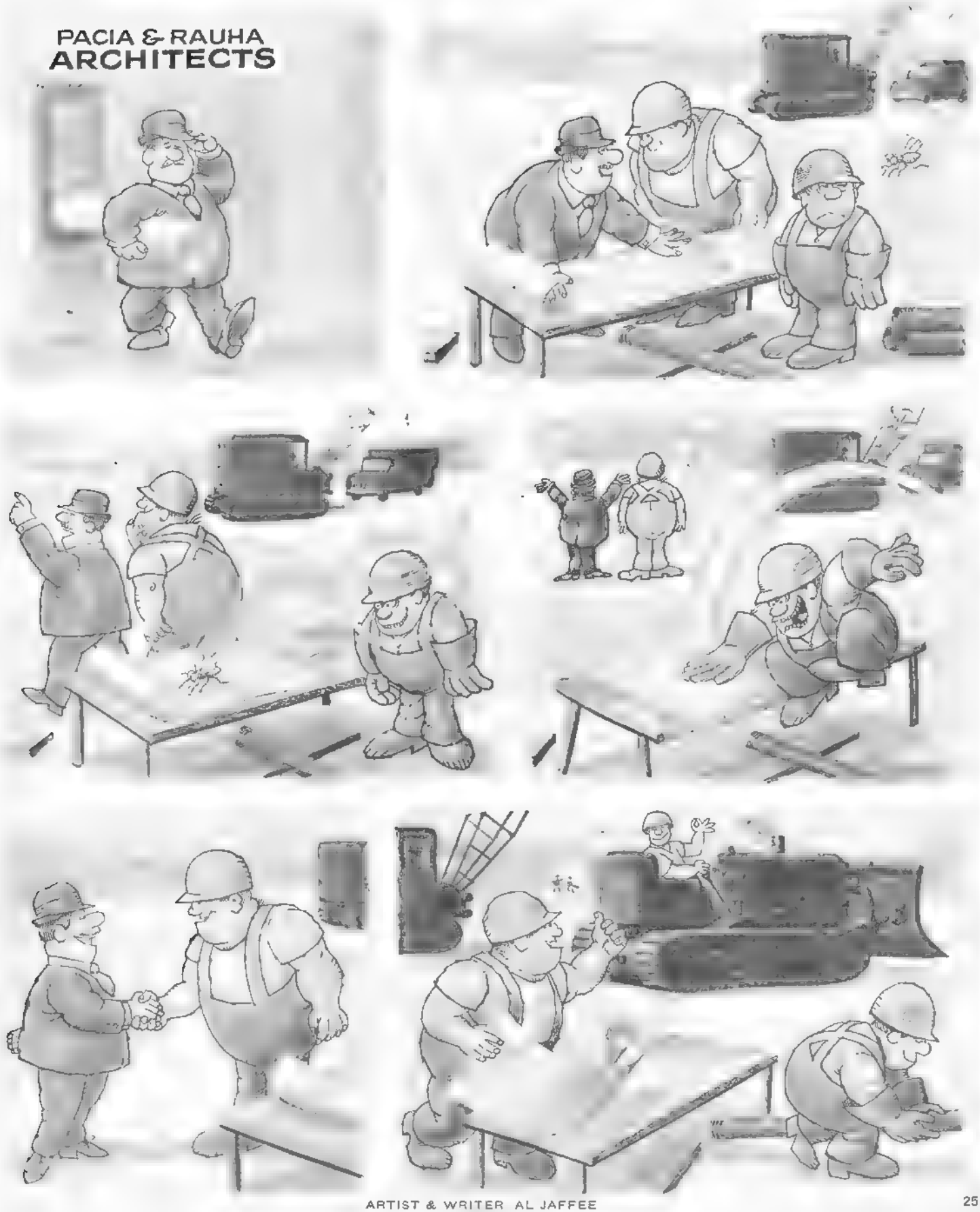
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!!
What do you mean, "Merry Christmas, Everybody!!"? Do you realize that for people who live alone, Christmas can be the saddest time of the year?
I—I never thought of it that way! And YOU live alone, so you're one of those people, aren't you?
Sa-a-ay! You're spending the Holidays with US!! Gee, Christmas must've been HELL for you all these years, huh, Sid?
Not since I started using this sob story, it hasn't!
Ooohh! Am I sick! My head is exploding! I'm making a New Year's resolution!! I will never . . . NEVER do what I did THIS New Year's again . . . EVER!!!
Boy, you look terrible! You must've really tied one on!
Sorry, but I don't drink!
Aw, c'mon! Don't kid me! It's obvious that you're suffering from too many trips to the Punch Bowl!
The Punch Bowl? No, I missed that one!
But I must've seen every other one they televised . . . the Sugar Bowl, the Orange Bowl, the Cotton Bowl, the Gator Bowl, the Tangerine Bowl, the Sun Bowl . . . Ooooh! Am I sick!
You hang your stocking up there on the fireplace . . . and Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill it with toys and goodies!
BALONEY! IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN!
Don't you believe in Santa Claus?
Sure I do!
But I DON'T believe in phony fireplaces that haven't got any chimneys!

Do you realize that we didn't send out any Christmas Cards this year? And it's too late now! What will we ever tell our friends and relatives?
Tell 'em we broke our writing hands, skiing!
No . . . they'll never believe that story!
Tell 'em we both came down with the Flu, and couldn't bring ourselves to lick the stamps and spread the disease!
No . . . they'll never believe that!
Tell 'em we sent out the cards . . . but the lousy new Postal System LOST them!
THAT THEY'LL BELIEVE!
Gee, this is a very expensive Christmas present you're buying for your Dad!
Why not? He's a great guy, and he deserves the best!
There's no Generation Gap in OUR family! My Dad is fantastic with the kids! He digs the whole scene! He works like a dog, and he's a great provider!
Er . . . how do you plan to pay for this?
With my Dad's Charge Plate!
He also has a great CREDIT RATING!!
H-h-hello, Mom?? I—I thought I'd call you up and wish you a Happy New Year!
The same to you! What's the matter? I can hear it in your voice! You can't fool a Mother's heart! Something's wrong!
Nothing's wrong, Mom! It's just a bummer to be alone on New Year's Eve!
You poor thing! Where are you?
In a phone booth . on Times Square . . .
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

I want a plastic model toy of the M-16 Rifle, a model kit of an "Honest John" Rocket Launcher, and a model of a B-52 Bomber!
I also want a Size 10 complete Football Uniform with shoulder pads and helmet and shoes and the whole bit, plus a complete Baseball Uniform with glove!
I'm sure your son will enjoy all these Christmas presents!
SON?! I'll have you know these things are all for my ten-year-old DAUGHTER!!
Haven't you ever heard of WOMEN'S LIB . . . ?!?
One Round-Trip Ticket to New York's Kennedy Airport, please!
Sorry! All flights are booked solid!
Merry Christmas
You gotta be kidding!
No, I'm not! Most reservations over Christmas are made months in advance!
But I'm—I'm desperate! I just GOTTA get home for the Holidays!
Oh, well, in THAT case, we can help you!
We still have some space available over EASTER!!
Boy, when it comes to the Holiday Season, everybody has their hands out . . . saying, "Gi'me! Gi'me!"
I know! I know!
WILLIAM M GAINES
I had to tip the Janitor, the Doormen, the Postmen, the Garbagemen . . . and a lot of other moochers!
I know! I know!
It's nothing but a form of LEGALIZED RIP-OFF!
I know! I know! I've got the same troubles!
David Berg
Here's your Christmas Bonus!

AN ARCHITECTURAL TRIUMPH



ARTIST & WRITER AL JAFFEE

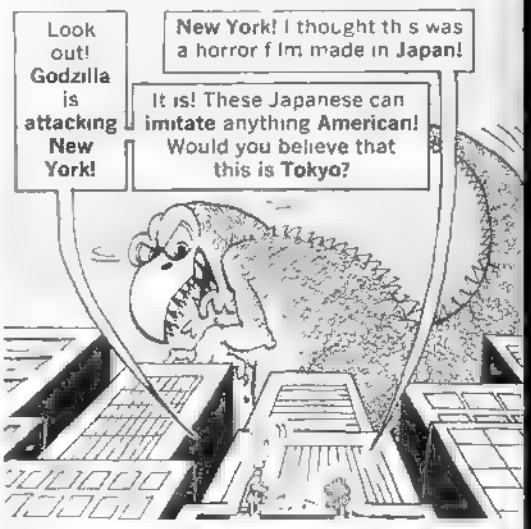
RESTAURANT

Monster movies have always been good box office when they reflected the emotional climate of their time.

When man was first learning to harness the wonders of applied science, man-made monsters were tops in popularity.

Then came the fad for overgrown species who matched the then-current emphasis on massiveness in buildings and in cities.

And with the advent of nuclear energy, horrendous new creatures were spawned by atomic explosions and radiation . .



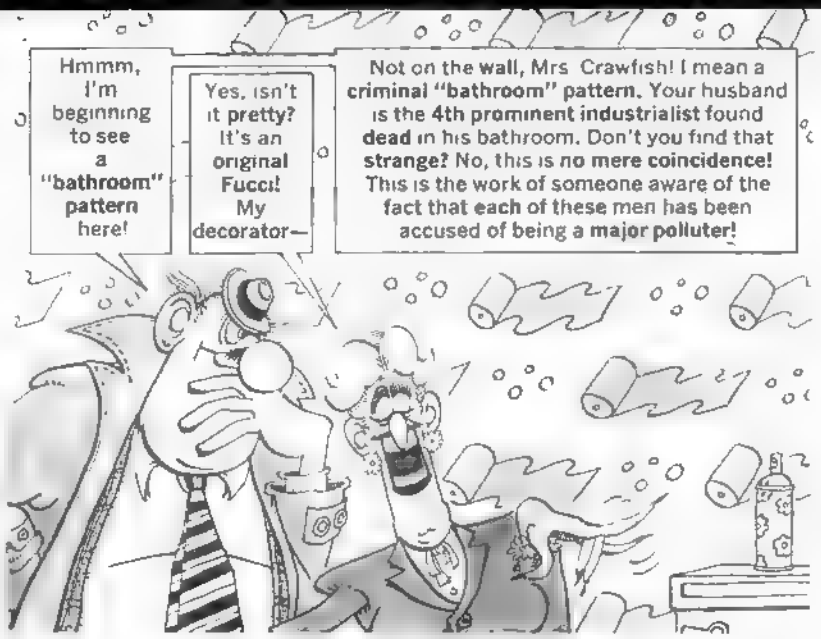
Now, with the world so concerned about ecology and the environment, the new wave horror films will go something like this . . .

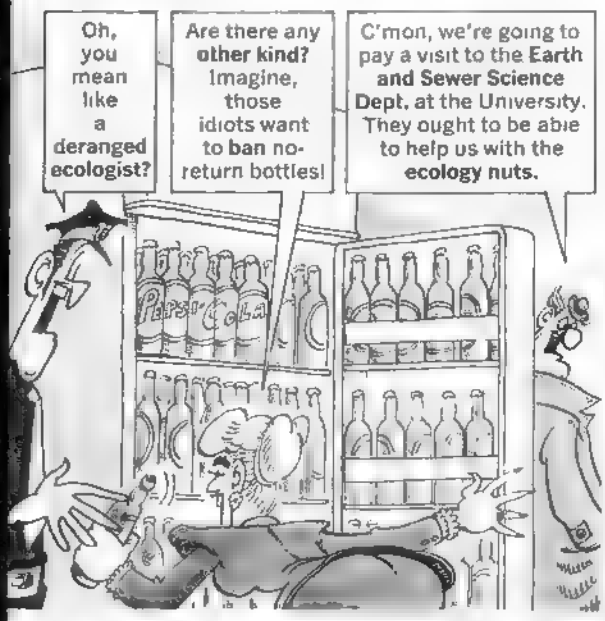
YECCH

or "What a WASTE!"

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE ARTIST: DON MARTIN

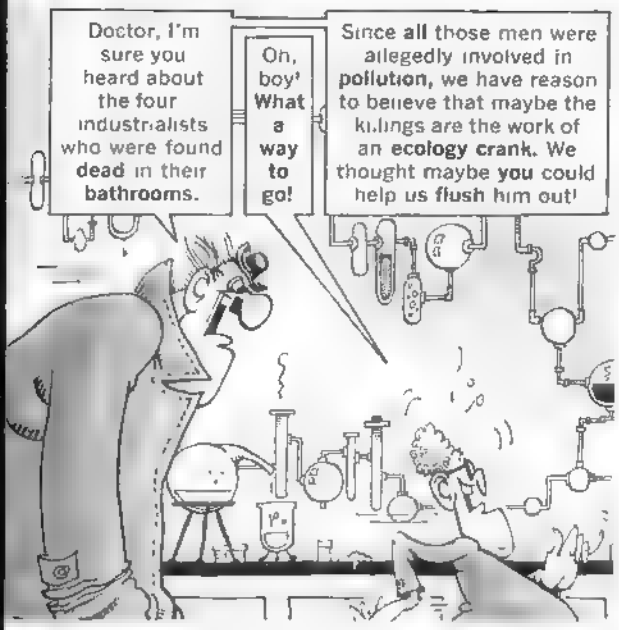
What did your husband do, Mrs. Crawfish?
How should I know! You heard, the door was locked!
No. I mean for a living!
Oh, he was the president of the Clean River Pulp Mill.

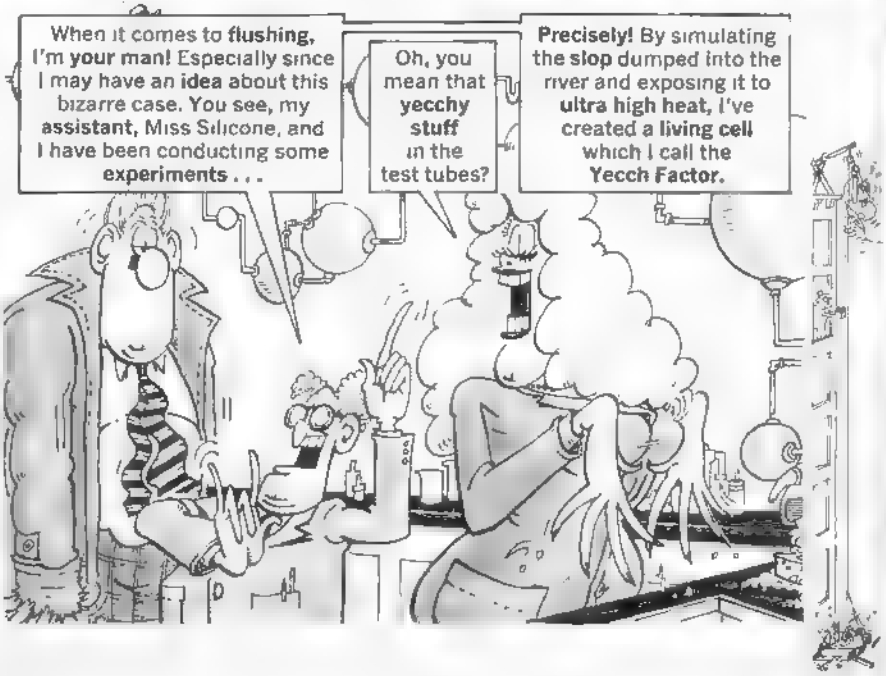

Hmmm, I'm beginning to see a "bathroom" pattern here!
Yes, isn't it pretty? It's an original Fucci! My decorator—
Not on the wall, Mrs Crawfish! I mean a criminal "bathroom" pattern. Your husband is the 4th prominent industrialist found dead in his bathroom. Don't you find that strange? No, this is no mere coincidence! This is the work of someone aware of the fact that each of these men has been accused of being a major polluter!


Oh, you mean like a deranged ecologist?
Are there any other kind? Imagine, those idiots want to ban no-return bottles!
C'mon, we're going to pay a visit to the Earth and Sewer Science Dept. at the University. They ought to be able to help us with the ecology nuts.

Sorry, we were looking for Doctor Commode's office!
I'm Dr. Commode, and you've found it! The furnishings are early American bathroom. I guess you might say I'm a toilet freak. Come in, pull up a seat and sit down!

I'm Lieutenant Koomsh and this is Patrolman Saunders.
Oh, you can call me John!
Ah, such a delightful name!


Doctor, I'm sure you heard about the four industrialists who were found dead in their bathrooms.
Oh, boy! What a way to go!
Since all those men were allegedly involved in pollution, we have reason to believe that maybe the killings are the work of an ecology crank. We thought maybe you could help us flush him out!


When it comes to flushing, I'm your man! Especially since I may have an idea about this bizarre case. You see, my assistant, Miss Silicone, and I have been conducting some experiments . . .
Oh, you mean that yecchy stuff in the test tubes?
Precisely! By simulating the slop dumped into the river and exposing it to ultra high heat, I've created a living cell which I call the Yecch Factor.

That's all very interesting, Doctor, but what has this got to do with the killings?
Well, this may sound crazy, but perhaps the waste and gook dumped into the river, heated by the boiling water from the atomic furnaces, has created a living organism similar to the one I've developed, except on a much larger scale. This creature, evolved from man's pollution, is taking revenge on the people responsible for destroying the elements.
See? How can you help but love such an adorable kook!
You're right, Doctor, your theory does sound crazy!
Wait, he hasn't even got to the crazy part yet! Ask him how the monster gets through locked doors!
Doctor, my years of experience in criminal work have taught me to ask questions that may seem unimportant, but are, in reality, very important. Questions like: "How does the Monster get through locked doors?"
This is the crazy part
He enters and leaves through the john!
Hmmm, that could explain it.
BRING
It's for you, Lieutenant!
Lieutenant Koomsh, here . .
Patrolman Finster, sir! We've got a problem down here in the Men's Room at Penn Station!
So call Roto-Rooter! Don't bother me with these things! I'm busy with four homicides and a crazy doctor!
But sir, the problem is
YA AAIEEEHH...
What kind of prob em is "YAAAA—AAAIII—EEEEEE—HHHHHH," Finster?
That scream sounded like he was being attacked by something horrible!
Hmmm, my calculations are off a trifle! I f gured our monster would go berserk and start attacking the general public in about twenty minutes.
What's going on around here, officer?
There's a horrible monster running amok in the Men's Room, sir!
You sure it's not one of those Women's Lib dames demanding equal rights or someth ng?
Good Lord, look at that disgusting beast!
It s a Yecch all right!

Okay, Yecch, you're under arrest! Put your, er, growths above your, er, head and don't move!!

Sergeant, advise him of his rights!

Sir, do monsters have rights?

Look, if we don't do it letter perfect, this thing will have those civil rights lawyers on our backs!

Yecch, you have the right to remain silent and . . . gaaaaaaghhhhhh!

Okay, men, fire!

The bullets don't bother him!

BLAM

BLUT

PLORK

BLOOM BLAM

BLOOM

He's escaping! After him!

Like, how?

DAILY

YECCH STRIKES AGAIN!

BATHROOM KILLER TERRORIZES CITY

POLICE PLUNGE DEEPER INTO MYSTERY

Did you see this morning's papers? The public is demanding that we do something They're afraid to go to the bathroom!

Imagine those poor tourists returning from Mexico. They really have problems!

Is that you, Woodrow? I know you don t believe in spray cans, but I think you should try a deodorant because . .

EEEEYAAHH

Lieutenant Sir, Yecch has just kidnapped Myra Silicone!

That figures! New Monsters, old monsters, they always go for the voluptuous leading lady!

Doc, I've got good news and bad news. Bad news first: the monster has kidnapped your sexy assistant!

What's the good news?

I don't have any, but I thought you'd feel better if you knew the news wasn't all bad!

Well, lucky I just found a way to destroy him!

And how might that be?

Very simple. What do you and Yecch have in common?

We'd both like to drag Miss Silicone away for a few days!

Besides that! Both of you have to breathe in order to live. The only difference is Yecch needs filth and pollutants. My plan is to expose him to pure air so's he'll suffocate!

Where on earth do you expect to find clean air in this city?

We'll have to manufacture it by turning off all the power plants, shutting down all the factories, closing all the incinerators, banning all the cars from the roads and evacuating the city!

It's no use! The Mayor has refused to evacuate the city. It's the height of the tourist season and the city needs all the money it can get!

We've got to get him to change his mind! I know—we'll tell him the Governor doesn't want the city evacuated! That'll do it!

Mayor, you have to evacuate the city!

I've already ordered that!

What made you change your mind, all the killings?

No, what's a few more killings in this town! It's the plumber's union. They threatened to go on strike if we don't get rid of the monster. The electricians said they'd strike, too, in sympathy, and the milk men do whatever the electricians do. Of course that would trigger off the teachers and subway workers. Believe me, it's easier to evacuate!

Lieutenant, we've just completed evacuation Good Lord, look at that!

What? Is it a monster?

No, it's the sky!

Wow! It's really blue, just like in the old postcards!

Look, here comes Yecch!

He's too weak to hold the girl . . .

That's a lot of girl to hold for anyone! But I think your plan is working, Doc.

Ooo, Woody, it was awful! He wanted me to live in the Sewer with him!

He's dead. The clean air killed him!

No, 'twas ecology killed the beast!

Okay, sound the all-clear and get a sanitation crew in here to dump Yecch into the river with the rest of the garbage!

Wait, Lieutenant, that's no fitting burial for a monster of man's own creation. He was a simple beast who perhaps showed us up for the pigs, er, sorry, officer, slobs we mortals be! I think I know the proper place, Mount Vesuvius!

That's quite a headstone you had constructed, Doc.!

I call it "Super Bowl". Yecch will be dropped into the volcano and flushed to the bowels of the earth!

He's got a touch of the poet, that one. Brings tears to me eyes!

FURSHGLURK

Ah, we're back home. I'll kinda miss that one day of blue skies, but it's good to see the city back to normal. Chimneys puffin', cars stuck in traffic, people wheezing and coughing, and no more pollution monster, right, Doc.?

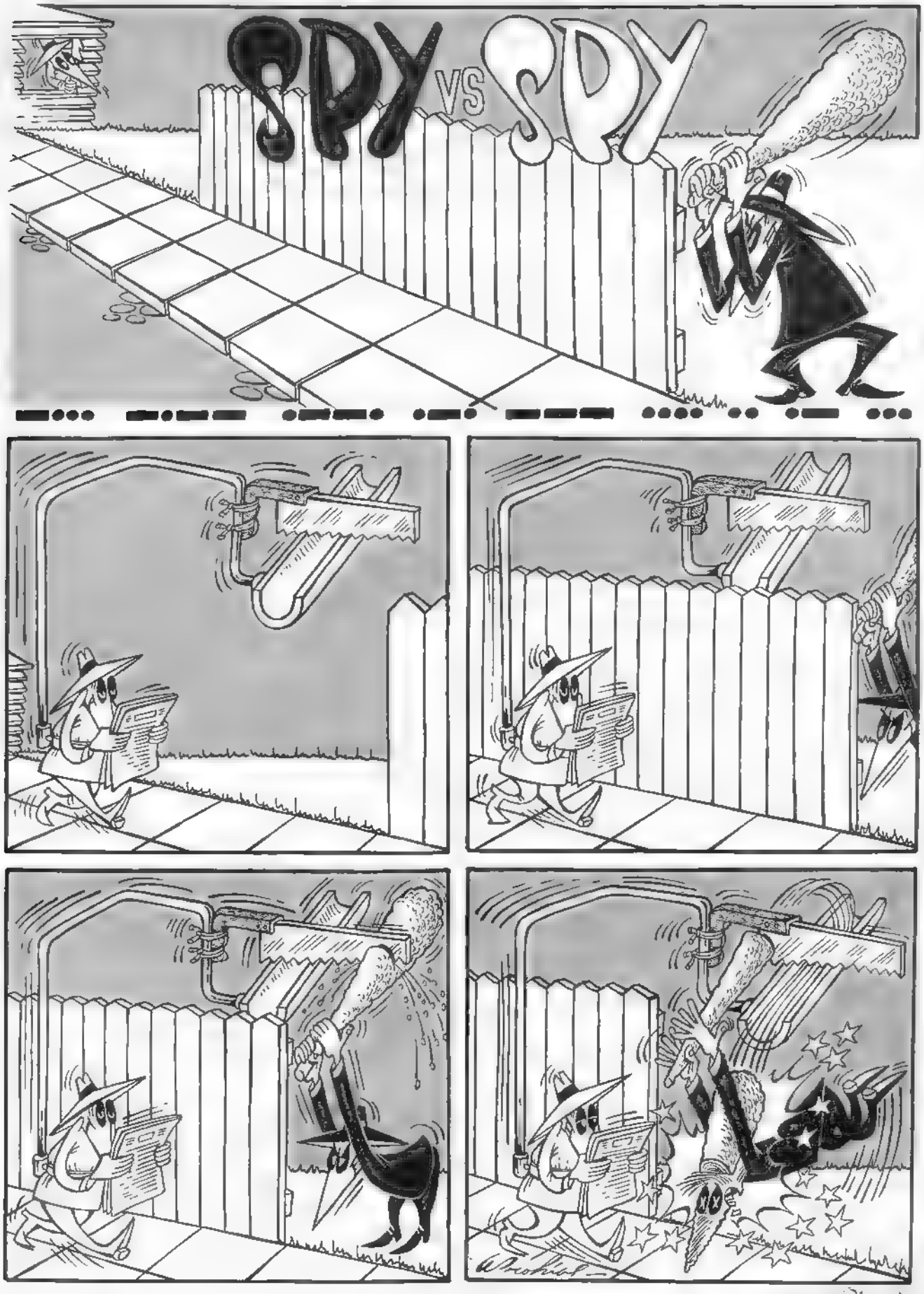
I wonder, Lieutenant, yes, I wonder . . .

OONK OONK

BLEEP

AAAK AAAK

AAHT AAHHT BLOOOOT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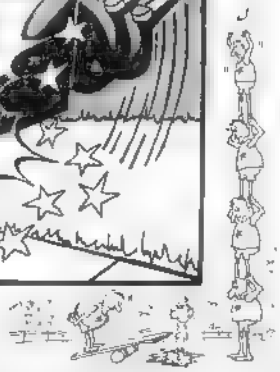


HOLIDAY JEER DEPT.

MAD'S 1973 CH

As Christmas rolls around again
and New Year's Eve is nigh,
We offer up this rondelay
to those we glorify;
Despite the fact that Santa Claus
prepares a lengthy list,
Herewith are gift suggestions
for some folks he may have missed:

For Richard Nixon and his mate
A weekend at the Watergate,
And should they weary of the scene,
We'll toss in Mitchell, Hunt and Dean;
We're stripping Mickey Rooney down
To pose for Helen Gurley Brown -
He'll be the perfect choice in case
Her magazine is tight on space;
Let's send a vocal coach or two
To Gifford and to Dandyroo,
And then let's buy and giftwrap well
A Midas Muffler for Cosell.

We'll rip off someone's souped-up Honda,
As a present for Jane Fonda,
Hoping that it won't be lacking
Noise to drown her endless yakking;
Next upon our Yuletide list
Is Steinem, big-shot feminist;
We think we've found a gift that fits—
A set of towels, marked "Hers" and "Its;"
To swimmer Spitz we next bequeath
A set of drills for pulling teeth—
He can't do worse in dentistry
Than what he's doing on TV.

We'll send Charles Schulz an armored car
Or maybe one huge cookie jar
To hold the cash he's pulling down
From merchandising Charlie Brown;
We've found a gift that's really keen
For Linda Lovelace, porno queen—
She'll be surprised come Christmas Day
When she gets 20 guys—all gay;
For Liz and Dick, that split-up pair,
We've got a gift that both can share—
We're taping them a serenade
Of records Eddie Fisher made.

RISTMAS POEM

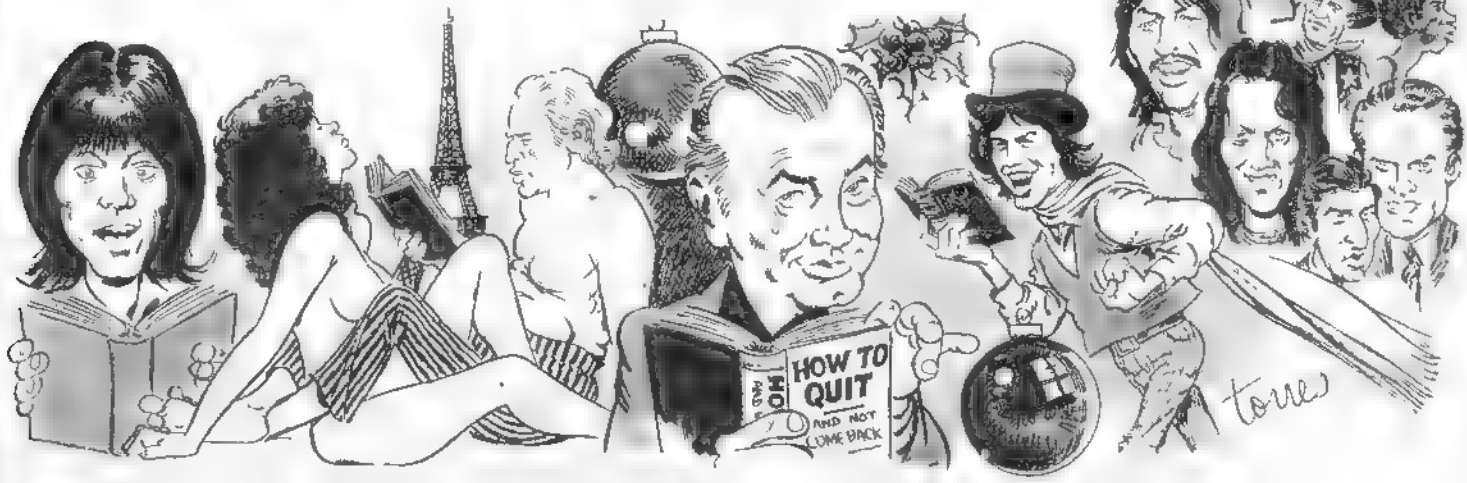
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Let's send our friends, the Japanese,
A million RCA TVs—
They'll be so happy to have found
That *they've* become a dumping ground;
And how about a tasty knish
Or maybe some gefilte fish
To make a proper year-end feast
For Arabs in the Middle East;
Economists in Washington
Should find a trip to Europe's fun—
When they return, we'll ask each gent
How far their U.S. dollars went.

Good books, of course, are very nice
And many offer good advice;
We've one for David Cassidy
Called "How To Get Through Puberty;"
For Brando we've a tome unique
Called "How To Hide An Old Physique;"
A book for Paar sits in our stack,
Called "How To Quit—And Not Come Back;"
There's still one book we have to find
To give Mick Jagger peace of mind—
We thought that it might do him good
To read "The Joys of Fatherhood."

Because we've got a Vietnam peace,
Bob Hope's announced his trips will cease;
In hopes he'll entertain once more,
We're giving him a brand-new war;
We've picked a gift to show we're fond
Of Roger Moore, the new James Bond—
The next 12 months he's getting free
Instruction from Sean Connery;
And let's remember Johnny Cash,
Whose ev'ry record is a smash—
We're sending him this holiday
A year's supply of nasal spray.

We've left out many folks, we fear,
Like Ringo Starr and Germaine Greer,
Kareem Jabbar and Al Pacino,
Billy Graham and Lee Trevino,
Spiro Agnew, Robert Young,
The Prince of Wales and Mao tse-Tung,
John Chancellor and Monty Hall,
The Boston Pops and Lucille Ball,
John Wayne, Bill Cosby, Howard Hughes,
And countless others in the news;
To those we've skipped, be of good cheer—
We'll get to you another year.



WISE GUIDE DEPT.

MAD has come up with a device to shake up those indifferent and incompetent people you too often find yourselves at the mercy of. It's called a "Rattler". A Rattler is not something you use on the Innocent, but rather as a Defensive Weapon on people who intimidate you: the surly cab driver, the wise-guy waiter, the nasty sales clerk . . . anyone who has developed an inverted snobbery about his work and views anyone less expert as an inferior. If you run into such a person, why not try out some of these . . .

MAD R

. . . FOR SHAKING UP WAITERS AND WAITRESSES

No . . . I'd only like HALF a table! I'm not very hungry!

I'd like an empty plate! I'm on a very strict diet!

How about sitting down and joining me? Then we can split the check, and I won't have to leave a tip!

Can you bring me some extra silverware! I have the same set at home, and I'm missing a few pieces!

I'll have the same thing that I ordered yesterday! I didn't TOUCH it yesterday!

I'll have the steak dinner . . . with no potatoes . . . no vegetables . . . and no meat!

The menu looks good! I'll eat THAT!

I'm very intimidated by Waiters! So may I start tipping you NOW?

Miss, would you be offended if I sent out for some food?

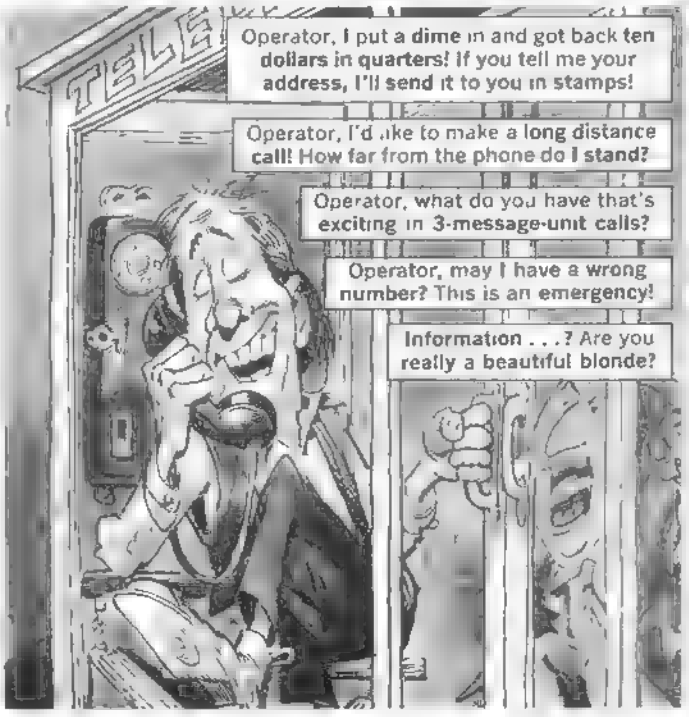
My compliments to the Chef . . . for having the nerve to pass this stuff off as food!

Hey, this food isn't half bad . . . it's ALL bad!

Waiter, give me a very small check! I'm in a hurry!

. . . FOR SHAKING UP BARBERS

. . . FOR SHAKING UP TELEPHONE OPERATORS



ATTLER'S

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LARRY GORE

...FOR SHAKING UP **SALES HELP**

...FOR SHAKING UP **ELEVATOR OPERATORS**

...FOR SHAKING UP **CAB DRIVERS**

WHAT'S IN A

DOW-JONES

IMPERIALISM

WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT

WEIGHT WATCHERS

FOREIGN POLICY MAKERS

MID-EAST SITUATION

BRITAIN

WELFARE SYSTEM

NAME?

PART TWO: INSTITUTIONS

CONCEIVED BY:
MAX BRANDEL

DEMOCRACY

SOVIET UNION

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

THE GREAT AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

AIR POLLUTION

PUBLIC RELATIONS

CURRENT MEDIA OUTPUT

ABORTION

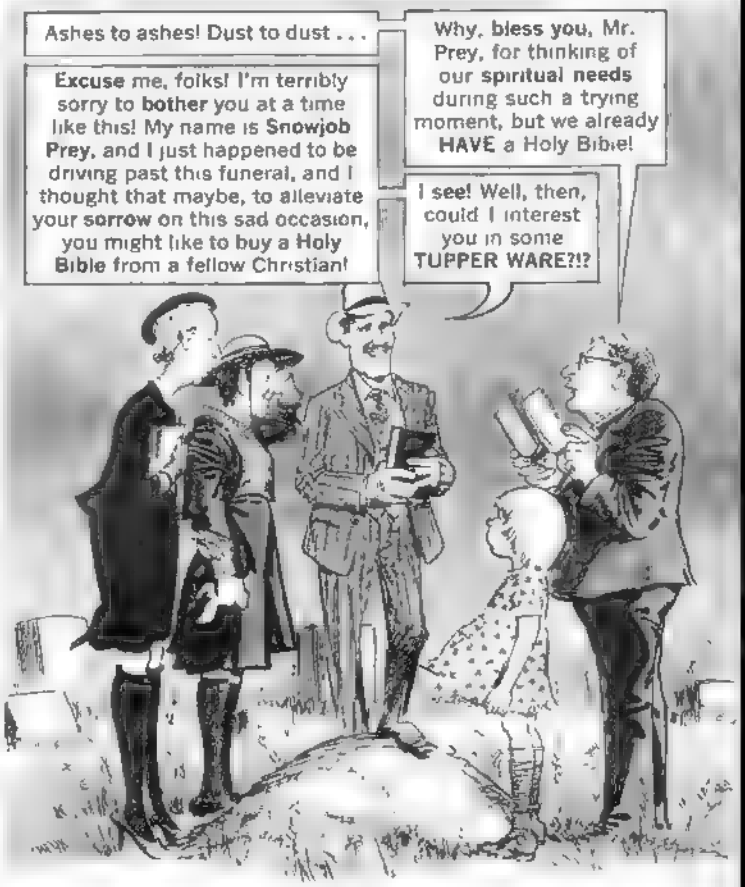
Hi! Remember me? Don't let the moustache fool you! I made you cry your eyes out a few years back in "Love Story"! I also made a million bucks!

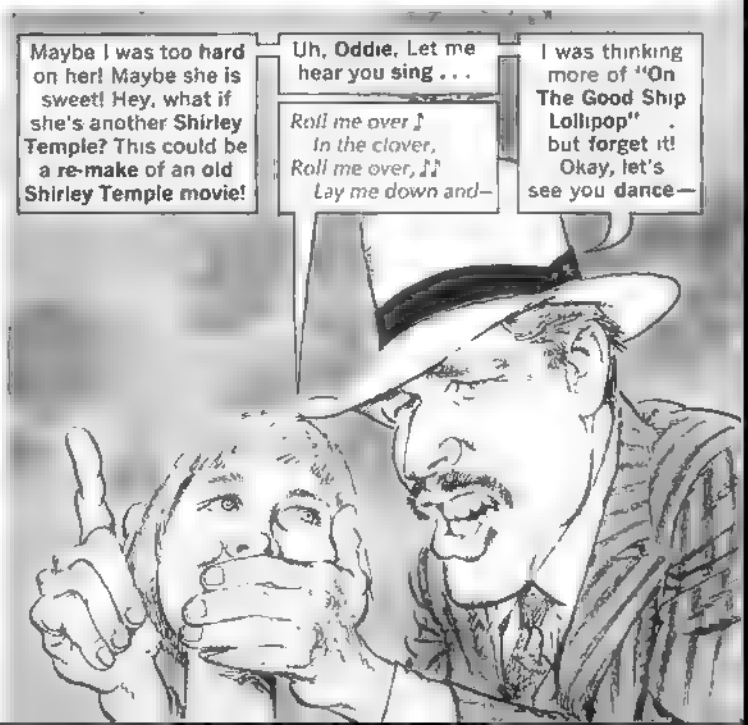
Listen, I know that movie was awful, but I'm not apologizing for it! Because being a millionaire means never having to say you're sorry!

Anyway, in this, my latest film, I play a small-time con-man during the 1930's, who travels around the country with a little girl, trying to take people for everything they got!

Let me tell you, it wasn't easy locating the right kid to play the little girl! But after an exhaustive talent hunt that led me across the length and breadth of my Beverly Hills home, I finally managed to find her! She's a fantastic actress, a wonderful trouper, and mainly my daughter!

And now . . . get ready for MAD's version of the movie about a con artist who turns out to be a total idiot! In fact, MAD calls him the—





RYAN'S DAUGHTER DEPT.

"CAPER GOON"

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Well? How'd you do in the Charming Child Contest?

&¢*%$#!! I came in last . . . right behind John Dillinger!

Dillinger?!? Who'd believe he's a child?

The same idiots who'd believe I'M a child, too!

Hello, friend! I'm Snowjob Prey, the sharpest con-man in the West! Unfortunately, you're my next victim! I understand that Mrs. Bodkins was killed by a hit-and-run driver, namely you! Now, if you fork over $200, I'll forget what I know about it!

You GOT me, pal! But I don't have the money, so I'll have to owe it to you!

Not so fast! This is Snowjob Prey you're dealing with! Remember? What assurance do I have that you'll pay me?

I'll cross my heart, spit three times, and kiss my pinkie up to the sky!

I knew you'd come around! Well . . . so long, sucker!

Just a second! Er—how'd you like to toss me for the $200—double or nothing?

Good enough! We'll use my two-headed coin! Cry . . .

Er—tails!

It's heads! We're even!

Hold on, there! I tossed you double or nothing, and I WON!!

Look, what did I owe you? $200, right? And what did I give you? Nothing, right? What's two times nothing? Nothing!! Right . . . ?

Right! You owe me nothing! Now, gi'me back my coin and I'll be going along!

I'll toss you for it, double or nothing!

Keep it! You suffered enough for one day!

I'm not sure, but I think something went wrong in there . . . only I can't put my finger on it!

Finish your meal, Oddie! Your train will be here soon!

I'm not going anywhere until you give me my $200!

WHAT $200?!?

The $200 that man owes you for killing my Mother with his car!

You're wrong! That man didn't kill your Mother with his car! Your Mother died when you were born! Only it was a slow, painful death! The car just put her out of her misery!

That money belongs to me! Gi'me my &¢*%$# $200!

Shut up!!

I want my &*¢%$ money! You &%$# crook . . . thief . . . robber!!

Aw, ain't that somethin'! It's just like a scene from a movie of the '30's!

George Murphy and Shirley Temple??

No . . . Doctor Frankenstein and his Monster!!

I'm not leaving until I get my &*%$#@ $200, so hand it over NOW!

Hey, I've got an idea! How'd you like to toss me for it . . . double or nothing?!?

Okay!

Cry . . .

Er . . . heads!!

Heads it is . . . so we're even!

What do you mean? I tossed you double or nothing . . . and I WON!!

Look! What'd I owe you? $200, right? What's two times $200? $400, right?

Right! So you owe me $400!

Uh—something tells me I'm still not doing this right!

I'm not leaving your side until you get the money! So, let's go!

Where are we going?

To a hotel room!

Hey! A little girl, living with a strange man in a hotel room?!? Why, it's . . .

You're right! In today's films, it IS old hat! But, let's go anyway!!

STORE

The weed of crime bears bitter fruit! Crime does not pay! The Shadow knows! Heh-heh-heh—

Maybe I've got you figured all wrong, Oddie! Maybe, deep down, you're really a nice little girl who carries around a cute little cigar box, and who likes to listen to the radio, and who's always playing with toys and dolls

Hempo

. . . and lung cancer!!

Hey, does your Mother know you smoke?!?

Not any more! My Mother's dead, remember!?

I'm not talking about your "screen" Mother! I'm talking about your REAL Mother!

Who IS my real Mother? I wouldn't know! I'm a Beverly Hills kid!

I wouldn't know either! I'm a Beverly Hills FATHER!!

Hempo

Now here's how this con-game works! I find the name of a guy who died in the Obituary column, see! Then, I call on his Widow, and tell her that the deceased ordered a Bible before he died! So the Widow pays for it! Great idea, huh?

No, it's a stupid idea! Okay, what do you want me to do?

How should I do that?

I dunno! Stand out here on the lawn and scare crows away or somethin'!

Easy! Just smile at them!

Good afternoon, Ma'am! Is Mr. Paul Schmutz at home?

No . . . he—he's gone to the Great Beyond!

Oh, I'm terribly sorry! But, you see, before he died, he ordered this Bible . . .

I didn't say he died! He's gone to the Great Beyond HOTEL in Funk, Missouri! He ran off with the town floozy! When he comes back, THAT's when he's gonna die!

Whoops! I think I got the wrong Paul Schmutz!

Good afternoon, Ma'am! Is Mr. Paul Schmutz home?

Paul is —sob— dead! He was so young!

I'm awfully sorry, Ma'am! However, he ordered this Bible from me a week ago, and —

Oh, it's terrible . . . sob . sob! It's just terrible!

I'm—sure he's in a much better world now! Please don't cry for him any more!

I ain't crying for HIM! I'm crying for YOU!!

For ME, Ma'am . . ?

Yep! Y'see, I'm the Town Meter Maid, and there's NO PARKING on this street after 4:00 P.M. It's about 4:30 now, so that's gonna cost you $25!

But there's no SIGN out there!

Resisting arrest, eh? That's gonna cost you another $5!

Okay! Okay! Here's your Bible, and here's 30 bucks for the parking fines! Just let me out of here!

Well, Any Lou? How'd your plan work?

Like a charm, Paul! He's the 10th Con Man we caught this week in that same tired Bible caper! Tell Al at the Tribune to run that Obituary notice all week! And thank Murphy for lending me his old Cop's cap!

Well, Snow? How'd your plan work?

Oh, shut up!

My luck's just gotta change! Now, here's a con-game that never misses! Watch me get $15 for $10!

Will you change a ten, please?

Certainly! One . . . two . . . three . . . four five . . .

Excuse me! What's the purpose of that button?

Gee . I don't know WHAT it's FOR! Now, where was I . . . ?

You just said "FOUR"!

Oh, yeah, four! Five, six . . . Say, the Diner closes soon if you plan on eating!

No, thanks! We ate!

Oh, you ate—nine, and ten! There you are, Sir!

How'd you do w th the change of ten caper, Snow?

For some reason, I only got back nine dollars!

Can I try it?

You . . . ?! A measly, inexperienced kid?! What do you wanna do . . . run my fantastic business! Let me put it another way .

Why don't YOU try it?

Excuse me, Sir, but could you change this ten?

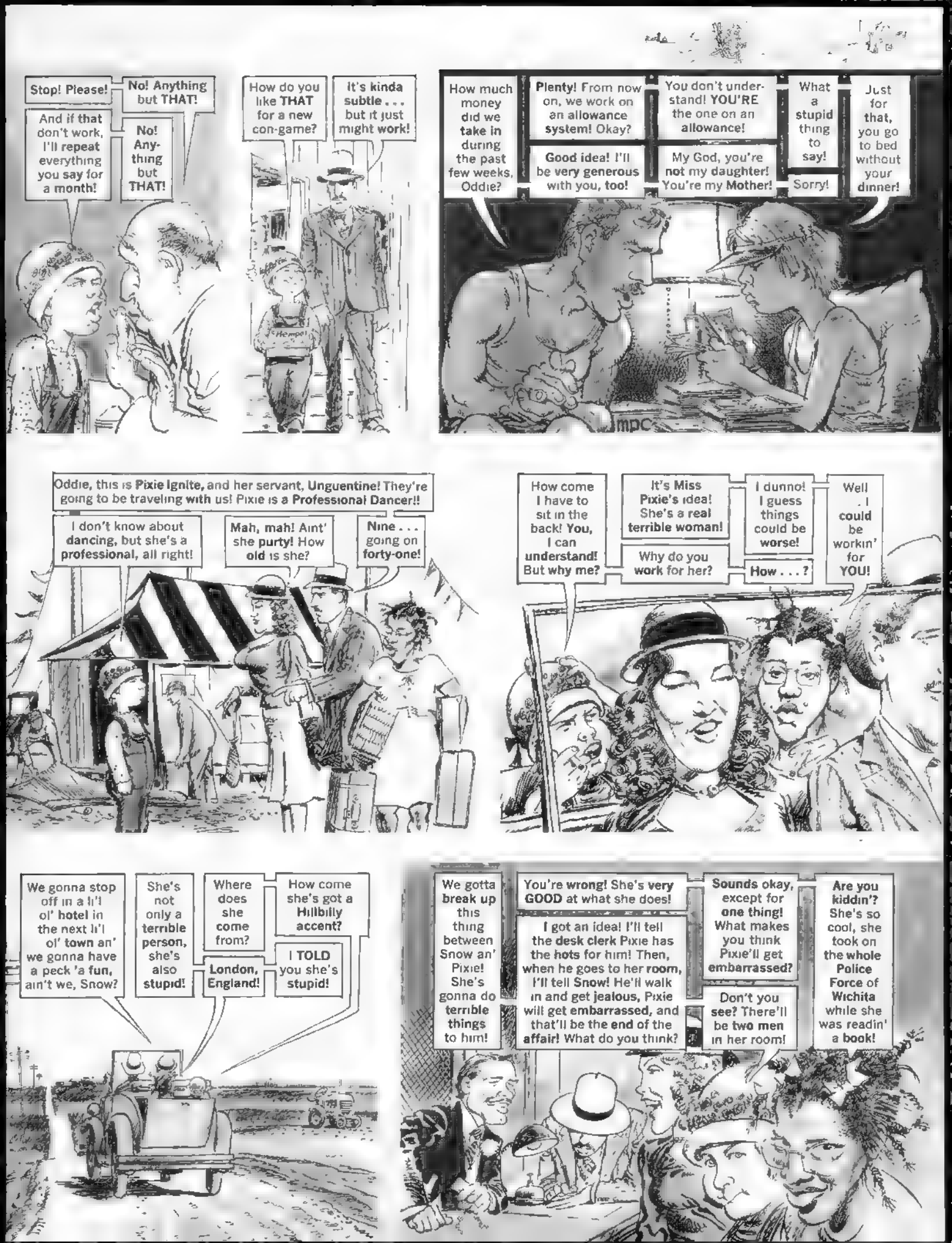
Don't you two ever get tired? Listen, I'm on to you con-artists! I know every trick in the book! Shell games, fake oil stocks, insurance rackets! I beat 'em all! So take a walk, kid . . .

Here's one I'll bet you never heard of! If you don't give me $15 for this ten, I'm gonna stand here and stare at you for a week! Do you know what it's like to have a kid stare at you w th unflinching eyes for seven days?

No! You . . . you wouldn't!

Particularly a rotten kid with the nastiest face in the world! Namely, me!!

No Credit


Stop! Please!
No! Anything but THAT!
And if that don't work, I'll repeat everything you say for a month!
No! Anything but THAT!
How do you like THAT for a new con-game?
It's kinda subtle . . . but it just might work!
How much money did we take in during the past few weeks, Oddie?
Plenty! From now on, we work on an allowance system! Okay?
Good idea! I'll be very generous with you, too!
You don't understand! YOU'RE the one on an allowance!
My God, you're not my daughter! You're my Mother!
What a stupid thing to say!
Sorry!
Just for that, you go to bed without your dinner!
mpc
Oddie, this is Pixie Ignite, and her servant, Unguentine! They're going to be traveling with us! Pixie is a Professional Dancer!!
I don't know about dancing, but she's a professional, all right!
Mah, mah! Aint' she purty! How old is she?
Nine . . . going on forty-one!
How come I have to sit in the back! You, I can understand! But why me?
It's Miss Pixie's idea! She's a real terrible woman!
Why do you work for her?
I dunno! I guess things could be worse!
How . . . ?
Well . . . I could be workin' for YOU!
We gonna stop off in a li'l ol' hotel in the next li'l ol' town an' we gonna have a peck 'a fun, ain't we, Snow?
She's not only a terrible person, she's also stupid!
Where does she come from?
London, England!
How come she's got a Hillbilly accent?
I TOLD you she's stupid!
We gotta break up this thing between Snow an' Pixie! She's gonna do terrible things to him!
You're wrong! She's very GOOD at what she does!
I got an idea! I'll tell the desk clerk Pixie has the hots for him! Then, when he goes to her room, I'll tell Snow! He'll walk in and get jealous, Pixie will get embarrassed, and that'll be the end of the affair! What do you think?
Sounds okay, except for one thing! What makes you think Pixie'll get embarrassed?
Don't you see? There'll be two men in her room!
Are you kiddin'? She's so cool, she took on the whole Police Force of Wichita while she was readin' a book!

THAT's who you're gonna fix up with Pixie?! I get the feeling he doesn't go out much!

Hi, there! How would you like a date with a gorgeous, sexy girl?

Not with ME, Stupid! I'm 9 years old!

I'm all yours, Baby!

Listen, who's perfect?

What did I tell you?

I see it worked like you planned! What happened? Did the clerk go to Pixie's room, and Snow walked in on them?

No, the clerk went to Snow's room by mistake, and Pixie walked in on them!

What was he doing in Snow's room when she walked in?

Proposing marriage!

See? I TOLD you he doesn't go out much

Listen to me, Oddie! Everything's gone wrong since I tied up with you! You've destroyed my manhood, you ruined it for Pixie and me, and all of my con-games keep failing! Now, I got one more caper up my sleeve . . . which is gonna be my biggest one yet! If you ruin this one, you're gonna join your Mother in Kansas!

You mean join my Aunt in Missouri! My—my Mother is dead, and buried in Kansas!

You HEARD what I said!

Now, listen! I got a brilliant plan! You see this whiskey? I stole it all from that shed over there! You see that guy coming? He owns the shed, AND the whiskey! But he don't know I stole it from him! Now, what I'm gonna do is sell him back his own whiskey! What do you think of that?

Forget these kiddie games, Snow! What's the brilliant plan?

You DESTROYED my Manhood!! Now you're working on my BOYhood?!

SHED

THREE FEATHER WHISKEY

THREE FEATHER WHISKEY

Hi, friend! How'd you like to buy some booze, cheap?

Okay, I'll give you $600 for the lot! Wait a minute! Maybe I'd better not! My shed is jammed full with whiskey, and I don't know if I got the room for this!

It'll JUST fit! Trust me . . .

It worked! A caper finally worked!

Oh-oh! Somebody must have tipped off the Cops! And the Sheriff in this town has it in for me! Quick . . . into the car . . .

Look! A Police car . . .

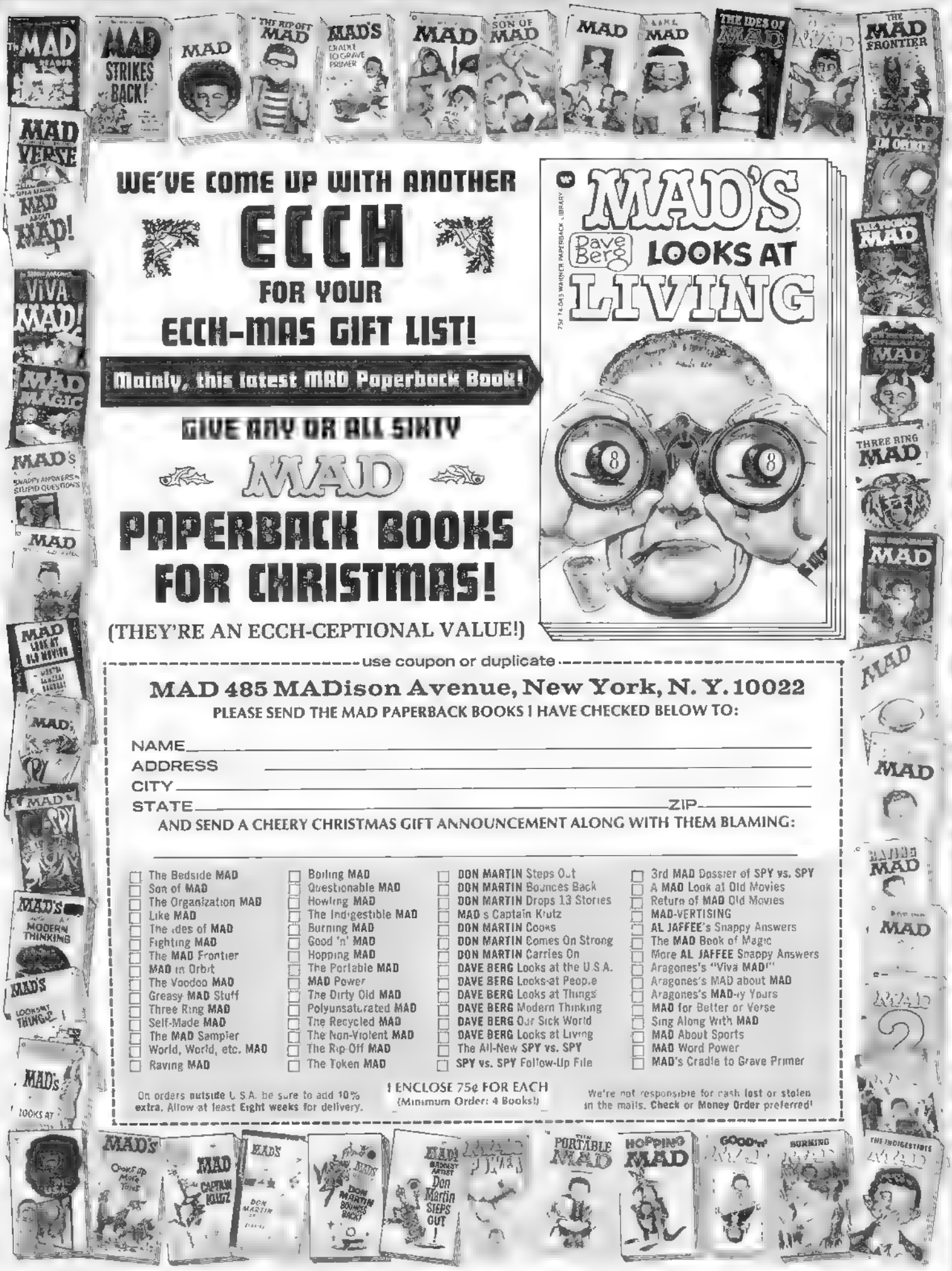
But, the car's gone!

Oh, no! We gotta get out of here!

Hi, there friend! It's me again! Uh, you wouldn't happen to have a car I could borrow, would you?

Gosh, I'd love t' help out a business client, but I don't have one to lend you! However, I could SELL you a car for say, $700!

Take it, Snow! The cops will be here any second!
Okay, here's the $600 I got for the booze, plus $100 of my own! Where's the car?
R ght here, pal!
Cripes! While I was stealing his booze, he was stealing my car! Nothing goes right for me! Nothing!
TAKE
Y'see that bridge? Once we cross it, we're in Missouri, and that Sheriff can't touch us!
Well, things ain't so bad after all! How much money do we have left from our other capers?
I've still got $800 in my cigar box . . . !
Hey, I've been meaning to ask you about that! You've been carrying that funny li'l cigar box around with you ever since we met! What else do you keep in it besides money?
Oh . . . just some clothes, some spare food, my underthings, my dirty laundry, a couple of old goldfish . . . You wanna see . . . ?
No, no! Please!!
MISSOURI
KANSAS
YEECH
Hempo
CRASH!
BRIDGE
Hi, there; Miss! Er— what happened to him?
I don't know! I just opened my cigar box, he began screaming, "That smell! That smell!" . . . and then he passed out! I—I don't understand!
Well, I DO! Gag! So, just give me all your stolen money, and you can be on your way!
Hempo
Aunt Millie? I brought you your niece, Oddie Bodkins . . . and good riddance!
Oddie! How wonderful to see you! You're going to stay here with me for the rest of your life, and have your own room, and eat good food, and live in comfort and security! And no more terrible people will ever bother you again!
I'd rather go with you, Snow!
You mean, you won't take it?
I'LL TAKE IT!!
But it's not fair! It's MY ROOM!! And after all . . . I'm your flesh and blood!
I know, dear! But he got there first! And besides, he needs it more than you! He's in very bad shape!
But where will I live?
Why don't you move into the haunted house on the corner?
Th-that house isn't haunted!
It will be . . . just as soon as YOU move in!



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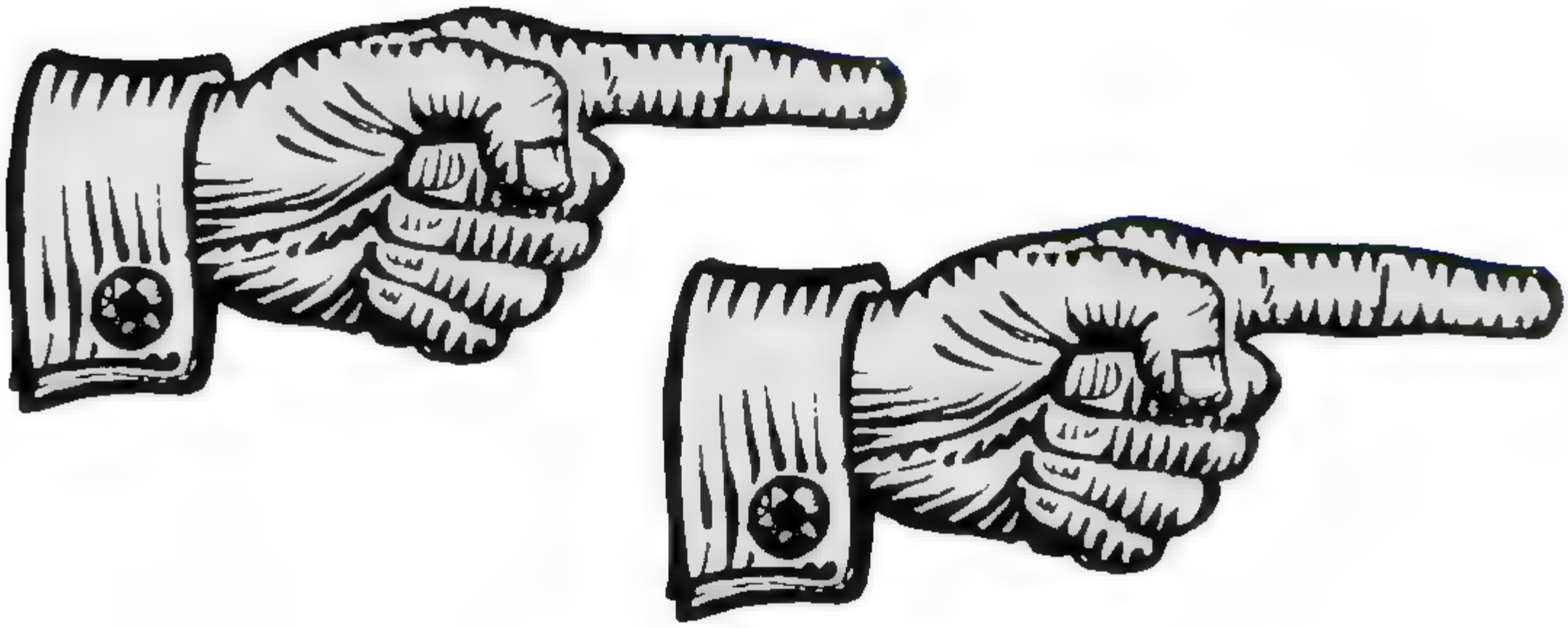

WHEN IS THERE NEVER A SHORTAGE OF GAS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

The "Gas Shortage" controversy rages on. Some people said that last Summer would be terrible, while others predict that this Winter will be unbearable. But one thing's for sure! There's a certain time of year when the shortage of gas completely disappears! To find out when this occurs, fold in the page as shown at the right.

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ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

AMERICANS REGARD "GAS" AS A MOST ELEMENTARY NECESSITY. THUS, ANY ACTION THAT REDUCES THIS SUPPLY IS A CRIME

A▸ ◂B

WHEN IS THERE NEVER A SHORTAGE OF GAS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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ARTIST & WRITER
AL JAFFEE

AT ELECTION TIME

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CHRISTMAS M

Nothing this year!
You've all been very
bad boys!
Santa
NIXON
EHRLICHMAN
HALDEMAN

MORNING-1973